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The Week

THE budget is now balanced—after a fashion. It is balanced, that is to say, unless and until new expenditures for relief of the unemployed throw it out of alignment again. Of the tax bill, the best that can be said is that it might have been a good deal worse; it might, for example, have included a general sales tax such as President Hoover urged in his amazing, futile last-minute appeal. Our chief interest in it for the moment is in wondering what Wall Street will do now for an excuse. For months, the continuing decline in the market has been blamed on Congress and especially on uncertainty as to whether the budget would be balanced. The speculators and their expert advisers who have talked this way ignore the fact that the market has been going down since October, 1929, whether Congress was in session or not; and they have taken what would be a serious risk if the public could remember back as far as last Tuesday: if stocks continue to slump, as seems not unlikely at present, what new excuse will they find? We shall not repeat here the arguments recently made in these pages by Professor Sumner H. Slichter against the absurd overemphasis on balancing the national hysteria which was important as a phenomenon and not as an argument. We can only say to those who parroted the plea: "Now that, through an unscientific and badly balanced tax bill, you have a budget which for the moment looks as though it were balanced, what next?"

THE United States is to enter a worldwide monetary conference to be held in London some time after the Lausanne meeting has come to an end. While we are warmly in favor of international coöperation by America, we must confess that we can only throw our cap a couple of inches in the air at this news. For war debts are to be excluded from the discussion; so are reparations; so is the American tariff. To have an international economic conference without discussing these things is like leaving out of "Hamlet" not only the Prince but Elsinore, Ophelia and the whole second act. The Europeans, of course, have been trying for years to get the United States into a meeting where debt cancellation could be discussed; and they had an extra reason for calling this conference, in that recent developments in Germany make the Lausanne gathering look so hopeless that they are seeking any sort of excuse to postpone it or otherwise soften the hard fact of impending failure. It may be that the London conference will do something important about silver, or the control of international credit, or the movement of gold; but the chances must be about a hundred to one against it. Meanwhile, the end of the Hoover moratorium is, technically, only a month away; Germany has announced that she can and will pay no more; and as many people know, she is on the verge of another collapse. Unfriendly critics have long said of Mr. Hoover that he never acts soon enough, or with sufficient vigor, to meet any given situation. In the case of the international monetary conference, it seems likely that the criticism will prove to be true, not only for him but for all concerned.

MR. Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan and Company has announced the formation of a new $100,000,000 corporation for the purpose of "stabilizing the stock and bond markets." In other words, large amounts of money have been sub-

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tom has now been reached, or at least, that the announcement of the new enterprise may cause prices to turn upward again. The last time this was tried was in the first weeks after the crash, in the autumn of 1929; and as our readers don't need to be told, securities have lost enormously since that time. However, when the bankers acted before, remnants of the bull-market psychology were still extant; it was possible to shore up prices long enough for a certain amount of money to be put into the market and taken out again without having it all consumed. The same thing may or may not be true today. Mr. Lamont and his friends are being hailed as heroes, but we don't quite see why. If the market is about ready to turn up, it will do so eventually without their hundred million, though they might hasten the process by a week or two; and if it isn't ready to turn up, that sum isn't enough to make it do so, and will presently disappear where other bull investments have gone, these past two and a half years.

THE NEW REPUBLIC is opposed to the issuance of $2,400,000,000 in additional currency to be distributed at once among war veterans in lieu of all the government's obligations to them. We take this position, not because the action would mean currency inflation, but because it would be a clumsy and inequitable form of inflation. There are millions of Americans who are desperately in need of assistance who are not war veterans; there are certainly hundreds of thousands of the veterans themselves who are well-to-do, and require no aid. We object to pressure on the government by a special class for the benefit of its own members, whether these are war veterans or millionaires; and we only regret that those newspapers and individuals who are now excoriating the former for their actions are not equally zealous in rebuking the latter when they follow similar tactics. We take it for granted that the bonus march on Washington, picturesque and dramatic as it is, is certain to fail. Even if Congress were reckless enough to pass the bill, President Hoover is certain to veto it, and we believe that his action in so doing would be met with general approval.

WHILE we disapprove of the purpose of the veterans in marching on Washington, we are not insensible to the pathos which lies behind the presence of many of them in the straggling army which is causing so much distress to the police of that and a dozen other cities. There is one fact which is generally overlooked by critics of the bonus army, such as General Sir Ian Hamilton, who spoke bitterly the other day about the impossibility of a similar phenomenon in Great Britain. Sir Ian forgot that England has an unemployment insurance system, while America has none. It is safe to assume that practically all of the thousands of war veterans who have lately moved on Washington would refuse to grant political refuge to radicals feel they can hardly do any worse on the road than by staying at home. The bonus marchers convey a political object lesson very different from the one they intend. They are an exhibit of the callous cruelty of our planless, conscienceless and selfish civilization.

JUST how much Socialism there is in the new regime in Chile remains a matter of grave doubt, but certainly it is not very much. The wealthy and aristocratic Dávila, former Ambassador to the United States, is the last man to lead a proletarian revolt; yet the revolution was brought about with certain promises of socialization which, if they are kept, will be unsatisfactory to the foreign capitalists who have heretofore owned Chile. Dávila himself refers to the "socialistic atmosphere" of the new government; but he also promises that foreign debts will be paid and all existing foreign contracts respected. On the whole, this is a Fascist dictatorship, with some elements of state socialism—which, indeed, fit rather logically into the Fascist scheme of things. We shall be surprised if it proves as radical as the Spanish republic; and we shall also be surprised if it survives very long. For the masses of the Chileans are desperately poor, many of them are imbued with communistic ideas, and if Dávila has betrayed them, as appears to be the case, they are likely to turn against his government. He also has enemies—who have already started a counter-revolutionary movement—among the wealthy landholders, and these will be aided by the Catholic Church and perhaps by foreign investors if Dávila is not sufficiently obsequious to suit them. He will find out what Kerensky did—that the way of the timid Moderate is excessively hard.

PERHAPS the most important thing the Chilean revolution may do is to stir up more genuine radical activity in other South American countries, and particularly Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, all of which are economically prostrate and desperately debt-ridden. Unrest is so prevalent in Peru that the government of Sanchez Cerro did not dare to sentence to death those who recently made an attempt against his life nor to convict some of the outstanding leaders of the recent revolutionary outbreak. Raul Haya de la Torre, unsuccessful presidential candidate, is at present in prison, and the government would like to find a way to get rid of him; his deputies in the Cortes are exiled to Colombia or expatriated to the forest lands of the south. Similar situations obtain in other South American countries and in Mexico, where expropriation laws of a most radical nature have been adopted in the states of Hidalgo and Vera Cruz and are likely soon to be adopted in others. The so-called Latin American move for concerted action against revolutionary leaders whereby each country would refuse to grant political refuge to radicals

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is making a desperate fight to gain land and a means of livelihood for the masses, who were robbed of their rights by the colonial feudalism created by Spain and the industrial feudalism created by England, the United States and other Powers. No wonder Washington is alarmed!

THE Fascist philosophy continues to bob up in the queerest places. This time it is Mr. Owen D. Young who has explained to the graduating class at Notre Dame that the President of the United States ought to be given wider powers in times of crisis, and that the normal system of checks and balances should be superseded under these special conditions. Mr. Young was careful to speak in general terms, referring to any president and any depression; and he thereby partly avoided an obvious absurdity. For surely, anybody who reads the papers even now and then must know that the trouble on Mr. Hoover's part has not been that a foolish Congress has thwarted his wise impulses. Mr. Hoover's difficulty has been chiefly that he did not know what to do, and could not make up his mind to do anything, plus the fact that some of the things which have appealed to him most strongly would have made bad matters very much worse. Mr. Young bases his argument for making the President something of a dictator largely on the fact that speed is essential in time of crisis, and that legislative bodies move slowly. But why is it necessary, Mr. Young, to wait until the last minute and then shove through hasty emergency laws to deal with a crisis? Why not plan a little farther ahead? In particular, how do you reconcile your theory with the patent fact that all last summer, while the economic storm blew bigger and darker, President Hoover sat in the White House and refused to call Congress in special session when it was apparent that only Congress could take the necessary steps?

MR. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., lifelong Dry, has come out for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. We believe his present attitude is a sound one, and we applaud his courage and candor in making his recantation in public; but what most interests us about the incident is not the fact of his change, but the way in which it was treated by the daily press. The leading New York newspapers gave it the first place in their pages, with headlines three or four columns wide—a good deal more prominence than was ever attained by the recent famine in China in which several million people starved to death. Mr. Rockefeller is an industrious middle-aged citizen, highly respectable if somewhat pedestrian. His sources of information on prohibition enforcement are rather better than those of the average man, but not a great deal; his judgment on moral and practical questions is certainly matched by that of thousands of other people who could never make the front page of The New York Times by any act[illegible]. The reason Mr. Rockefeller is news is because he and his father between them control a fortune which, at pre-depression prices, was supposed to be about a billion dollars. We do not criticize the papers for giving his statement the space they did; within the limits of their purposes, it was shrewd journalism. We are interested merely to record another instance of a great American fetish—the fetish that if a man has made a lot of money, his views on any subject are entitled to great respect and attention even though, as notably in the case of Henry Ford, they frequently come under the heading of highly irrelevant nonsense.

THOSE who have imagined that the power trust has lately reformed, or that, exhausted by its superhuman efforts in the past, it has lain down and gone to sleep, are respectfully invited to give their attention to what happened in Washington last week. In considering the tax bill, the Senate included a measure for a 3-percent tax on the business of privately owned electric companies—surely not an unreasonable item of taxation, nor an excessive amount. Nevertheless, no sooner had this proposal been published than the power trust went to work on the legislators; and as a result, the character of the tax has been completely changed. It is now a 3-percent tax on the bills rendered to consumers, by publicly or privately owned companies, to be paid by consumers in its entirety. While the action in passing along the tax in this manner is grossly unjust, we must confess that we are neither surprised nor rendered particularly indignant by this latest successful power-trust steal. For it is just what might be expected from the utilities under our present system of attempted public control of a powerful private interest.

AMONG America's ten million or more unemployed are great numbers of recent European immigrants, many of whom would be glad to go home for the duration of the depression and return again, if at all, only when prospects are brighter. In view of the relief problem by which we are confronted, this would seem an excellent idea and one which ought to have the endorsement of the authorities; but oddly enough, such is not the case. Our old friend Mr. Doak, Secretary of Labor, has put all sorts of red tape in the way of aliens wishing to leave the country and seeking to obtain reëntry permits; and as a result, the steamship lines report thousands of passages canceled by persons who cannot afford to travel to New York, perhaps hundreds of miles, and then run the risk of having their applications delayed for months or perhaps refused. Mr. Doak's animus in this matter, of course, is part of his anti-alien complex. He fears that reentry permits may be sold abroad and illegally used by others than the person to whom issued. But intelligence and good will could easily find a way around this difficulty. The Hoover administration

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to enter the country if they seem likely to become public charges; why on earth should it not permit those who are already public charges, in a sense, to go home?

THE Scottsboro case did not mark the first occasion this year on which a federal court intervened to safeguard the rights of a Negro condemned to death. In Elberton, Georgia, John Downer was convicted on a charge of attacking a white woman. Two days before the time set for electrocution, his counsel sought a writ of habeas corpus from a federal court. Downer was prepared to prove that for six hours after his arrest the local jail was surrounded by an armed mob, whose attention had been diverted from four other Negroes previously arrested for the same crime; that he was saved for a trial by being smuggled away in the uniform of a National Guardsman; that at the trial itself, held at a specially called term of court after a week of outbreaks, he was represented by counsel, appointed by the court, whom he met for the first time an hour beforehand; and that a semblance of order was preserved only by the presence of two hundred National Guardsmen in and about the courtroom. In the face of these charges, the federal court was urged to intervene, because Downer's counsel had failed to ask the trial judge for a new trial. Fortunately, a majority of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals were not so fastidious about the niceties of procedural etiquette, and reversed a federal district judge, who refused to grant habeas corpus. They held that Downer was entitled to have a federal court decide for itself, in a more dispassionate atmosphere, whether the trial in the state court comported with the standard of fairness and decency guaranteed by due process of law.

DURING the presidential campaign of 1928, Israel Lazar, an American citizen and a member of the Communist party, delivered a soap-box speech in Philadelphia to a crowd of about fifty people advocating the election of the Communist candidate, William Z. Foster. He was arrested and prosecuted under the Pennsylvania Sedition Act on the grounds that he had made utterances tending to encourage the overthrow of the government. Found guilty, he was sentenced to from two to four years "separate or solitary" imprisonment at labor in the penitentiary. His case, which was handled by three well known conservative lawyers, Ira Jewell Williams, Walter Biddle Saul and Ira Jewell Williams, Jr., who volunteered their services, was carried to the United States Supreme Court, which has just declined to review it on the grounds that it involved no federal question. The decision is a serious blow to the cause of free speech in Pennsylvania, and coming as it does immediately before the presidential campaign, it may mean that the Communist and Socialist parties in the state will find it extremely difficult to avoid the repressive gether—real-estate bonds issued to a public under

Confidence

NOW THAT the budget is balanced, business, if we are to believe those who have been hammering at Congress to achieve this feat, will gain confidence and begin to revive. But wait—we already hear the murmur of another outburst of panic. Congress is still in session. That in itself is enough to frighten the timid souls who dominate finance and industry. Congress might possibly pass some measure which they do not like. The next agitation will attempt to make it shut its doors and go home. As Secretary Mills said when testifying against the public-works program, government ought to "give business a chance." Government has become the scapegoat for all our ills. The slogan of the unthinking is that business fails to revive because of lack of confidence, and that the lack of confidence is due to a government which either meddles too much, or does not meddle enough —one is never quite sure which—with private enterprise.

Is this lack of confidence really mysterious? What gave rise to it? If we acknowledged its real cause, we might have more success in dealing with it. There are certain obvious forms which it has taken. Those who might buy stocks and bonds have no confidence that these pieces of paper represent safe investments, or will ever go any higher. Depositors fear that banks will fail. Banks do not dare to lend against investment securities, real estate, or business prospects. Wage earners who still have jobs are afraid that they may lose them, or that their pay will be further cut. Manufacturers are afraid to start new enterprises or enlarge output, lest the resulting goods cannot be sold at a profit. Builders fear that new hotels, office and loft buildings, apartments or individual homes, would not be filled. These are perfectly definite and, in most cases, reasonable fears. Neither Congress nor any other agency of government is responsible for a single one of them.

What causes the fear among potential investors in stocks and bonds? There is no mystery here. In general, it is due to the collapse of speculation, industry, trade and prices, which has already robbed them of billions of dollars of wealth. In particular, it is due to the knowledge that confidence has heretofore been misplaced in nearly all the leading figureheads of finance. The investment trusts first turned sour, in spite of the assurances of their promoters. Then it began to be apparent that billions of dollars' worth of foreign bonds sold to the public for profit by investment bankers would be defaulted —not just as the result of unexpected economic calamity, but also because there never had been sufficient security behind the loans or an economic possibility of paying them. Real-estate bonds on property in this country have caused greater loss than investment trusts and foreign bonds put to-

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first mortgages, when as a matter of fact they either covered the entire value of the property or, indeed, were not first mortgages at all. (For documentation of these gigantic swindles see previous articles in The New Republic by John T. Flynn, Lawrence Dennis and Bernard J. Reis.) Finally, we had the fall of fearfully and wonderfully pyramided holding companies, created by men who used other people's money to get fortunes for nothing. The great examples are the Van Sweringens, Insull, Kreuger. In the case of the last, we had the outstanding spectacle of certain of our reputable bankers and financiers issuing securities based on nothing at all except the unsupported word of their client.

Failure of Congress to balance the budget had nothing to do with all these calamities. Nor did governmental interference with private business. What big business did when it had its chance was precisely this: Its reckless seeking of the main chance ruined the investment markets. If confidence in these markets revives before there has been a total change in the personnel of those trying to exploit the investors, or before the public has had a long time to forget and there is a new generation of people with money to squander on securities, it will be a miracle.

Depositors are afraid that banks will fail, not because Senators make speeches, but because banks *have* failed by the thousands. Many of these failures were innocent, so far as the management of the particular banks were concerned; others were not (City Trust Company). But in either case the depositors' fear is just as real. When banks have ceased to fail for a long enough period, depositors will regain a corresponding amount of confidence. There is now some improvement to be observed in this respect. And note well, the improvement is due, not to any act of the private banking fraternity, but to an act of Congress—the Glass-Steagall bill.

People close to the administration are particularly severe on the banks for not lending freely. They forget that the banks themselves, especially the smaller ones, have lost billions from the same financial chicanery which has mulcted the investors. They forget that privately owned banks are in business, not to create confidence or serve the need of the nation for an adequate credit system, but to make money for their owners and, if that is impossible, to save their shirts. The banks will lend freely when everybody is making money and they can get their slice of pie in this way When the risks seem too great, the banks will continue to exhibit lack of confidence. They would still do so if we abolished Congress for good. The only potentiality of improvement in the loosening of credit has likewise come from new congressional legislation.

Earners of wages and salaries, farmers and the great public in general lack confidence because they bors. Here insecurity menaces not only bank accounts, but home and life itself. If a man loses his job, or his land, society as at present organized and directed firmly declines to accept any responsibility for him. The policy of sustaining wages and maintaining employment, loudly proclaimed at the beginning of the depression, is a colossal failure. What good will it do to appeal to persons in these circumstances to have confidence simply because the government has reduced its expenditures and increased taxes? Any one of them who still has a surplus is a fool if he does not keep it under the mattress. And of course the belief that wage earners have great reservoirs of purchasing power which they could release if they lost their fear is a delusion. Most of them lived close to the margin even during the days of prosperity, and the depression has made terrific inroads into their meager savings.

This being the case, manufacturers and builders naturally do not want to take the risk of expanding. Some of them, back in 1929, acted on the advice of the ballyhoo at the President's Conference, to the effect that if they would only build and keep up their activities, prosperity would soon return. The failure of this superficial measure was perhaps the greatest blow to confidence that has come from governmental sources. It was a measure, be it noted, which did not involve governmental action, but rested on the philosophy of "giving business a chance." Both manufacturers and builders know from bitter experience that even before the depression they expanded far too much, the potential purchasing power of the consumers being what it was. They now realize that the mere fact of expansion does not necessarily provide sufficient popular purchasing power to absorb the product. So, even when they can manage to obtain the necessary money, they have no confidence that they can use it profitably. They are waiting for someone else to move.

All these lacks of confidence are, it is clear, not psychological delusions. They rest upon the realities of past and present events. Political psychoanalysis will never dispel them. The most fatal mistake in dealing with lack of confidence is to make a frontal attack upon it by exhortation to do something which is so labeled that it is recognized as a device which will not directly bring better economic results except as it affects confidence. Devices of this sort are balancing the budget and refraining from "dangerous experiment." Government action is, indeed, our only recourse in a situation of this kind. Every other activity is paralyzed by the general breakdown. Only an instrument specifically devoted to the public interest, which can act energetically without hope of profit, will serve to break the deadlock. It can actually construct, employ, pay out purchasing power, help to raise prices and earnings. Once it starts doing this, confidence may begin to grow because business may ob

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Germany Goes Fascist

UNDAUNTED by President Hindenburg's sudden change of front, the American press persists in its expressions of confidence in the political integrity of the head of the German Republic and his adherence to the Weimar Constitution. It has sung the praises of the Field Marshal too long to recall that he has always been the spokesman of the military caste which, under various guises, has ruled Germany since the backbone of the 1918 revolution was broken. Seven years ago he was the candidate of the monarchists and National Conservatives whose views he has consistently upheld. His opportunistic devotion to constitutional government gave way the more readily, therefore, to the forceful arguments of recent state and national elections. The coming "about-face" in German politics was clearly forecast when Hindenburg grudgingly consented to the dissolution of the storm troops and brusquely demanded that General Gröner, Minister of Defense, proceed against the republican Reichsbanner. When Gröner defended his action against the military organization of the National Socialists in the Reichstag on May 12, the German newspapers commented that he had lost the confidence of the army. His resignation was demanded and given next day. Thus the military rulers of Germany served notice of a new alignment in the direction of Fascism. It does not speak well for the intelligence of the leaders of the Social Democratic party that they had not been able to read the handwriting on the wall before. Their election slogan, "A vote for Hindenburg is a vote against Hitler and Fascism," has become a cruel joke.

Under these circumstances it requires a naïve optimism to maintain that the new government is merely more conservative than its predecessor, that it will constitute an effective bulwark against Fascist control. The facts contradict this assumption. Kurt von Schleicher, the power behind the von Papen government, Minister of Defense and intimate friend and adviser of Hindenburg, has never concealed his pro-Hitler sympathies. He is known to have conferred on a number of occasions with the National Socialist leaders and is to a great extent responsible for the overthrow of the Brüning Cabinet. It was he who proposed the appointment of Franz von Papen because this ultra-right-wing Centrist had for some time advocated the inclusion of National Socialists in the government. A partial program just published by von Papen incorporates the most important immediate demands of the Hitler organization, *i. e.*, the dissolution of the Reichstag and the calling of new elections for July 31.

It embodies the Fascist conception of government in the words: "The government will conduct its battle for the spiritual and economic convalescence of the nation and the rebirth of Germany independent of phraseology when it says that "post-war governments in Germany have weakened the morale of the people by a system of increasing rather than decreasing unemployment. This moral degeneration," the program continues, "was enhanced by the class struggle against Bolshevism which, like a corrosive poison, threatens to destroy our moral code. There must be a show-down which forces the building of a new Germany on the basis of the unchanging principles of Christianity."

In an official statement Baron Wilhelm von Gayl, Minister of the Interior, announces "that all injustices committed toward the National Socialists will be remedied by measures to be taken in the near future," practically promising the legalization of the outlawed Sturm-Abteilungen. Most important of all, the new government has given notice of a drastic reorganization of existing social services, especially those which provide for unemployment and disability insurance, and of the abolition of the Industrial Arbitration Boards which, in a measure, counteracted the preponderance of the employing class in labor disputes. These are the first shots in the coming anti-labor offensive.

In the field of international politics, the von Papen government endorses Brüning's foreign policies, emphasizing that Germany is on the verge of bankruptcy and suggesting a transfer moratorium for Germany's private debts. Hjalmar Schacht, formerly head of the German Reichsbank, a shrewd and unscrupulous politician and a notorious Nazi sympathizer, is the financial adviser of the new government, a fact which promises disagreeable surprises for American creditors before long.

The coming election will decide the fate of the von Papen government, which, without the Fascists, has not and cannot obtain the support of a Reichstag majority. If, as seems likely, the National Socialist party emerges from the coming election as the largest political unit, but fails to receive an absolute majority, it will be forced into a coalition with the Hugenberg Nationalists. In that case a number of the present Cabinet members will be retained. In any event the days of the Weimar Constitution are numbered.

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
E. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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The End of the Versailles System

TO REMEMBER that a Disarmament Conference is sitting at Geneva is not always easy: a healthy mind must learn to forget futilities. The fact is, however, that it has been in session for four months: it has taken not a single decision, nor does one see crystallizing within it anything that resembles the germ of a general policy or the nucleus of a collective will. No general or admiral or armament contractor, it is safe to say, sleeps restlessly because it meets. One might have hesitated to assume the worse before Sir John Simon gave his account of its work the other day to the British House of Commons. With that forensic lucidity which seems to be his one intellectual gift, he laboriously dissipated any hopes that his audience may have cherished before he rose. Trooping out into the lobbies, as he completed his survey, the Labor members met together to discuss whether they should send to Mr. Arthur Henderson a blunt intimation that he ought from the chair to denounce the Conference as a farce, and straightway quit Geneva. There was a moment in the middle of the Peace Conference when President Wilson summoned the "George Washington" to carry him home. Nothing, I suppose, will come of this impulse: Mr. Henderson, among his solid talents, does not include the gift for drama. The incident lights up none the less the bottomless pit of pessimism into which the proceedings of this Conference have cast that part of our democracy which has the will to disarm.

What are we to make of this failure? Some explanations are easy to frame. The world's statesmen, one and all, are absorbed in economic questions. It would be charity to forgive a man confronted with an unbalanced budget, the cry of the unemployed and the menace of general bankruptcy, if amid these preoccupations he forgot Geneva. Or again, what faith in the constructive power and good will of civilization could survive Japan's performance in Manchuria and Shanghai? At the head of the mainly Tory Ministry of Great Britain there is, indeed, a Premier who once made great sacrifices in the cause of peace, but Mr. MacDonald is an older and more successful man than he was in 1914: two maladies assail him, glaucoma and complacency. As for France, the Conference did not know how to treat M. Tardieu. Should it make the best of a bad job and compromise with him, or should it hope for his fall, and avoid in the meantime even the appearance of a decision? Confronted as it now will be with M. Herriot, it may have to realize that the more amiable address of its civilian spokesman has changed nothing in the views of the French General Staff. There were, of a radical policy, the Russian Communist and the Italian Fascist. But when Comrade Litvinov advocated the total abandonment of armaments, the Conference may have had the wit to read in this proposal a highly effective satire on our civilization. How much of it would survive the ruthless liquidation of all armies? Not many of the frontiers of Europe, not much of the Indian Empire, not even the existing social order. As for Signor Grandi, was he angling for a loan from America, or seeking, rather cleverly, to sow dissension among the supporters of the *status quo* in Europe?

It is, I think, a mistake to suppose that this Conference met to consider disarmament. On that subject it can and will evade a decision, by the simple expedient of ratifying (perhaps with some insignificant modifications) the existing level of armaments. This it will describe as the limitation of armaments. The real problem that confronts the Conference is one which it has so far excluded from public debate. It must decide the future status of Germany. Is she a peer among armed Powers or a disarmed helot chained by the record of her perpetual defeat? That this was the real issue is evident when one considers the conduct both of the American and British delegations. The former British Labor government was working last year on two schemes, both of which it meant to press forward vigorously. It was ready to propose a quantitative reduction, by a general cut of 25 percent in the budgets of the fighting services. I failed to discover whether allowance would be made for the fall by much more than this percentage in the prices of everything that armies and fleets must buy. Beyond this it would work for what is now called qualitative disarmament.

The Treaty of Versailles had forbidden Germany warships of over 10,000 tons, submarines, big guns, tanks, military airplanes, a general staff and conscription. The Foreign Office lacked the daring to suggest the abandonment of these clauses. But Germany might be greatly comforted, it thought, if others also could be induced to forgo some of these things. Big battleships? Conscription? General Staffs? Hardly that: one must not ask too much. But submarines are nasty things; so also are bombing planes. Besides, the French specialize in them. The plan was, then, for a 25-percent cut in the budget which, if not neutralized by the drop in prices, would fall mainly on such things as submarines and fighting airplanes. Throw in big guns and tanks; and might not Germany feel that she had made substantial progress towards equality? In five years the Conference would meet ag

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These were the Labor government's ideas—not very bold or very logical or perfectly disinterested ideas, but they meant well to Germany. In its comfortable English way, it dimly grasped Germany's position, and knew that a total refusal to meet it would spell the end of the Republic and the crash of the Versailles system. So things stood when Mr. MacDonald decided to destroy his old party. With it, along with free trade, the first half of the program went to the discard. Sir John Simon quietly brushed aside the notion of quantitative disarmament in his first speech: a Tory majority would not tolerate it. But at the Foreign Office, in the bosoms of permanent officials, the other idea survived. Professional diplomatists care nothing on its merits for disarmament, but they do know when a desperate Power must be humored. Polonius was an old inhabitant of Downing Street; in that dark lane one says everything by "indirection." It would not do, with the French and the Poles and the Czechs listening, to plead Germany's case directly. Accordingly we have been treated to some rather meaningless argument about "qualitative disarmament," and the specially "offensive" character of submarines, big guns and tanks. That is to trifle. There is no necessary connection between the tactical offensive and "aggression," in the moral or political sense of the term. One may break the Kellogg Pact flagrantly with guns of a fairly small caliber, and with armored cars that run on wheels instead of caterpillars. And equally, if one is morally innocent, one may find even submarines useful for defense. Geneva listened to much insincere nonsense on this subject, but it knew very well what it meant. It meant the whittling down of the armament clauses of the Versailles Treaty.

This well intentioned but timid plan looks like failing. The French will not abandon submarines: at the most they may agree to cease building the bigger types, of which the utility is doubtful. Why should they make this sacrifice? Neither America nor Britain will scrap big battleships. No restrictions that can emerge from this debate can conceivably satisfy Germany's demand. She has little interest in the caliber of guns as such. She asks for equality, and from Geneva she will not get it—not even such a timid approach to it as might have quieted the tamer parties before Hitler's rise.

The drama of this Conference is yet to come. It must face this issue in plain words. German statesmen and German soldiers, speaking on their own soil, have said very quietly and without bluster that unless the victors disarm down to Germany's level, she will liberate herself from the shackles of the Treaty. One need not take this to mean that she will indulge in an orgy of spending—she has not got the money for that—or that she will return to conscription, though that is in the Hitlerite program. But she will undoubtedly equip herself will break the Treaty by accepting the forbidden short-service recruits to the Reichswehr.

It is not that she greatly values these things, or intends to use them: she revolts against the intolerable humiliation of her pariah status: she is nervous, moreover, at the spectacle of an armed and irresponsible Poland at her doors. The Republican parties might have been content to accept a compromise as an earnest of good intentions: they dare not do it with Hitlerism both rampant and crescent. In 1919 the victors were, in vengeful retrospect, disarming the Germany of the Hohenzollerns: what in fact they disarmed and humiliated was the Republic. Its very life is now at stake. It may perhaps survive, but on two conditions: its sober leaders must stop the growth of Hitlerism by themselves washing out both reparations and the disarmament clauses of the Treaty. This might become, with the consent and collaboration of the rest of Europe, a gesture of reconciliation: failing this consent, it will be a quasi-revolutionary act.

France in this situation faces a dilemma. Either she must accept potential equality in arms with Germany, backed by a superiority in population and industrial technique, or else she must face the world with a repudiation on her side also of all restrictions, and risk bankruptcy in the effort to surpass Germany's equipment. The former course, after these years of organized panic, is barely conceivable: it might just become possible if the two neighbors could embark on a wholehearted policy of economic collaboration, throw down tariff walls and work together for the consolidation of all Europe. The latter course is hardly easier. It would split M. Herriot's party, and drive the Socialists into opposition. Nor can France afford even her present level of armaments if she is to be deprived of reparations. A long moratorium she might endure, provided that she could feed her armaments industry with the proceeds of a loan based on the certainty of future, even if distant, reparations. But if Germany's payments will never be resumed, France cannot from her own resources pay for armaments upon the present, to say nothing of a greater, scale—that, incidentally, is an aspect of the debt question which Senator Borah and those who think with him have hardly considered. It is not true that the cancellation of debts would foster armaments. Reparations, so-called, no longer pay for the repair of devastation. That is already paid in full. Reparations are now the basis of the French military budget.

How M. Herriot, balancing between his own inclinations towards the Right-Center and his party's preference for a Socialist alliance, will solve this dilemma, I will not attempt to guess. It may break his ministry and lead to a period of acute instability in French politics. For my own part, I do not believe that this German question can be solved by the half-hearted Anglo-American formula of "qual-

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framework of an honest and general disarmament, and not otherwise. But to exclude monster battleships from the list of offensive arms which we are prepared to sacrifice is merely to invite the merciless ridicule of continental Europe. There were two roads to an honest disarmament, one or both of which the Conference might have followed. It might have adopted the Russian compromise plan of graduated cuts ranging from 5 percent for the smallest states up to 50 percent for the Great Powers; there is some slight guarantee against aggression in an approach to equality. With this it might have contrived some attempt to organize collective security. On the day when the Powers regard their vestigial armaments as contributions to the general good, the entire psychology of militarism will be changed. Four months of this deplorable Conference have served only to demonstrate that all these roads are closed. There is no will to disarm. To that fact one can adjust oneself: it is not precisely novel. But the German problem remains, and it spells the end of an epoch and the liquidation of the Versailles system.

London. H. N. BRAILSFORD.

The Communists Meet

The following report of the recent Communist convention in Chicago is by Michael Gold, author of "Jews Without Money" and an editor of The New Masses. Mr. Gold is, of course, a convinced and enthusiastic Communist, and his article should be read in the light of that fact.—THE EDITORS.

HATHAWAY unlimbers and marches to the microphone. He is a young machinist from the Middle West, rugged as a used barn. Two fingers are missing from his right hand; a punch press once mistook them for steel. Plebeian and direct, he lacks the social graces, but his blue eyes are very intelligent.

An American specimen of the new man of the century—the proletarian intellectual.

He speaks. Fourteen thousand faces, black and white lean toward him. They eat him up. They pour into him. They generate the social electricity no writer can describe. They wait for the magic word to come. It is the nominating convention of the Communist party.

Outside, the city of Chicago roars like a giant machine gun popping off a regiment of beer salesmen, or a colossal sausage-grinder producing—what?

But here in the Coliseum, in the weird silence of 14,000 human beings, Hathaway speaks the word greater than the storm of El trains and taxicabs.

"For the first time in American history," he says, "a political party names a Negro for Vice President. We are proposing James W. Ford, not as a vote-catching device, but because it is our fundamental policy. For this Negro freedom we will fight until death."

Then, among the red banners, it began. There were at least five thousand Negroes in the hall. A great sob went up from them. Near me an old Negro in wrinkled flophouse pants broke down in tears. He rubbed his gray head, stared at the platform and cried. A big brown matron with three kids threw up her arms and [illegible]

bakers waved red pennants, and seamen, shoemakers and lathe-hands threw up their hats and yelled.

The crowd went mad with joy. To a veteran reporter, hoop-la and hurrah become sufficiently nauseous in time. They are generally paid for and manufactured. But this was surely different. It was no demonstration of the cheap crossroads politicians of the land, but a pageant of the common people. Whatever they do is significant; it is our future.

Now they were cheering a Negro for Vice President. They rushed in thousands to the convention floor, with their state banners. They seized Foster and the Negro, Ford, carried them around the big hall. They cheered, sang, chanted with revival fervor, tears, laughter. Here they were—the sharecroppers, the cotton-field hands, the tenant farmers. Overalled giants from the steel mills. Union Square garment workers. Miners from bloody Little Egypt.

Nobody had heard of them. They had written no books; never been in the newspapers. The Democrats and Republicans would not let them into their conventions. The Socialists had forgotten them, too. Yet here they were. They had come in grueling truck rides of a thousand miles. They had hitch-hiked, they had arrived in boxcars or day coaches, tin Fords. Sleeping in barns, living on sandwiches, some of them beaten up and arrested en route, they had determined to come, they were here.

Ford ("not Henry," one of the delegates shouts) makes his acceptance speech. He is tall, grave, careful. Strangely, the faint aura of a college pedant hangs about him. Yet his life contains enough of the Negro tragedy to make him symbolic as a candidate.

For one of his early memories is of the lynching of his grandfather in Georgia. The old man was a

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grabbed him from the side of his little grandson. It was holiday, and they beat up the old man, then threw him into a fire of burning cross ties.

Young Ford worked as a blacksmith, a machinist, then in a blast furnace beside his father. He painfully forced his way through high school; then entered Fisk, then volunteered for the War. In France he organized protests against the Jim-Crowing of black fighters for a "world made safe for—." When he came back, he went into the labor movement; was a delegate to the Chicago Federation of Labor. Blacklisted, starved out for his militancy, he eventually turned Communist.

Bitter heroic years, a living argument for revolt, but his speech contained none of this material. It abounded in too many clichés. Most of the speeches of the leaders suffered from the same thesis-obsession that makes most Communist literature in this country impossible for workers to read.

It was left to the rank and file to reveal the heart of this movement.

"I love the Communist party," said Mrs. Laura Osbee, a gaunt stockyards worker in a green shirtwaist, "because under its banner we are not fighting for a lousy fifteen dollars a week, but for equal rights. This is the comrade party, the others are the boss parties. We Negroes love the Communist party."

An old Negro farmer from Louisana, big, powerful and toothless, looked through his eyeglasses, and stammered: "Ah ain't never talked to such a big congregation, but ef Ah don't know how to speak Ah have the sperit, anyway. Ah am with this great comrade party. Fer this cause Ah'll eat corn husks and sleep in de cold fields. De news is flashing east and west, nawth and south, and de common people is rushing under de wings of dis comrade party. De white workers will protect me, and Ah will protect dem, and together we'll make a new America. Godspeed to dis big comrade party."

Dozens of other Negroes spoke. It was the first Communist convention at which I have heard or seen so many Negroes. It is a mistake to think this leftward drift among them is pure emotionalism, though they have good cause to be emotional, and no great movement grows without tapping some profound emotional need of the masses.

There are twelve million Negroes in America; and until they awake politically there can be no progress here. They are awaking, as most liberal and conservative Negro newspapers admit, in the direction of Communism. At this convention they first made themselves felt, and the occasion was historic.

Hunger and the impending war were the two other themes that dominated the convention.

A dock-worker from Philadelphia told of shipments of munitions to Japan, and pledged that he [illegible] these shipments

from Pittsburgh and Maryland, a thousand Irishmen of New York, organized into the Irish Workers' Club, Tennessee Negroes, school teachers, California sailors, farmers from Montana and Utah, Chicago clerks, all pledged to fight for the "workers' fatherland," against the "boss-armies."

Said a slim girl from Tucson, "Down our way they are deporting poor Mexican workers by the trainload, but our party fights for them and the foreign born. Now the Mexicans fight for Soviet Russia." Said a huge red-faced farmer from Oklahoma, "Our farmers are starving. I read something about Rooshia in Brisbane's column, so I wrote a letter to Moscow. They answered my questions, and I published a pamphlet at my own expense and gave it to the farmers. Then I heard about the party and joined up." Said the father of one of the Scottsboro boys, "I have come to understand this cause through my bitter experience with my poor child, and I am here to say I am with you forever, and for Soviet Russia."

There were nine hundred and three delegates at the convention, representing forty-three states. Only thirty-five delegates were foreign born, the rest were native Americans. The platform is simple; it has six planks—unemployment insurance, against wage cuts, farmers' relief and exemption from taxes, equal rights for Negroes, against capitalist terror and for workers' political rights, against imperialist war, for the defense of the Chinese people and the Soviet Union.

How many votes will the Communist party get in this campaign? There are serious handicaps; many Communists despise voting, and do not exercise their ballots. This needs inner party education, but in this fateful campaign there may be a change. The Communist agitation, journalism, etc., have not yet been made popular enough to reach the man in the streets and factories. But this weakness, too, is going through a critical change, under lashings from the Communist International. Finally, it is certain that many sympathizers will fear to vote Communist, and that many Communist ballots will be stolen. But the times are so fateful and tragic that masses of starved Americans may lose their fears, since, in Marx's words, "they have nothing to lose but their chains."

Whatever else is certain, a large Communist vote would be the most effective way of squeezing concessions out of the bankers and large industrialists, since fear is the only lever by which the masses can move them. A vote for Hoover, Roosevelt or Thomas would be a vote wasted for any man hit by the depression. He will not move the masters of America by appeals for mercy. They are not deaf to human appeals, but the iron laws of the profit system force them into inhumanity. Business must go on as usual; corporations must not be taxed, or their profits vanish; the high incomes must be

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life, and a large Communist vote will prevent many lynchings, help the unemployed and make the war-makers hesitate before plunging the world into a new blood-bath. The Communists expect a million votes. This is too optimistic an estimate, though Eugene V. Debs once received that many, and the time is more pregnant with strange new change.

Whatever happens, this convention persuaded many observers that the Communist party is on its way to becoming a mass party. All the elements of a national movement are here, and its past weakness is being sternly liquidated. The party is not static, but a living organism, and as the plain American masses come into the party, black and white, they bring reality. They bring new songs, new emotions, the tang of the soil, the great political truths of factory and mine.

Nobody at this convention expected Foster and Ford to be put into the White House, but everyone, from Alabama share-cropper to New York garment worker, sensed that a historic campaign was about to open, in which Communism would burrow deeper into the native factories, fields and streets. This filled them with joy.

Chicago. MICHAEL GOLD.

A Musical Tournament

A COMPANY of musicians, amateurs and critics traveled to Yaddo, at Saratoga Springs, New York, some weeks ago, in response to an invitation to attend a two-day festival of contemporary American chamber music. When it assembled in the chapel of the hospitable artists' foundation, before the first of the three concerts, it found itself not so much at a party as on a battlefield. Challenge was in the air: the silent but incisive defiance of the major music critics and professors.

No representative of a great New York morning paper assisted. The Boston Transcript had Meyer there; but the most influential of the New York musical reporters present was The Sun's second man. The critical ranks were filled by the musical writers of the two liberal weeklies, and young Berger of The Mirror. Later, a United Press man put in an appearance. As for the academic gentlemen, none but Donovan of Yale honored the exercises.

No mass demonstration on the part of the musical public had been anticipated. Several hundreds of invitations had been issued by the foundation; but the relative remoteness of Saratoga from the great rookeries, and the other obstacles to the pilgrimage, had dampened hopes of a large attendance. The appearance of the critical and academic powers was expected, none the less. The number of the works of the newer American composers played by live musical organizations, and the amount written in all earnestness about these works and their authors, were sufficient to prove to anyone of open mind that the new American music [illegible] given special attention by the leading conductors, and hailed as leaders by the younger composers and their critics, figured upon the programs sent out with the invitations. And it was not unreasonable to suppose that those professionally concerned with the welfare of musical art would jump at the opportunity for judgment of the disputed matters offered by conditions favorable to receptivity.

Consciousness of the snub was swift. For a moment it was possible to believe the great men kept off by the fragility of their honesty, incapable of exposure to the presence of composers, or by the pressure of their affairs. One could conceive Gilman busied with the confection of purple wisecracks and Pateresque turns of phrase, and gently perspiring over some badinage destined to serve as program notes for the "Manzoni Requiem." These hypotheses none the less evaporated in view of the ineluctable fact that a very definite faith had brought the persons gathered in the Yaddo chapel through the spring to Saratoga: a faith in two things, the liveness of the recent American music, and the leadership and breadth and soundness of Aaron Copland, director of the Festival. Various degrees of faith of course were represented. Some of the pilgrims were assured of the activity of the forces of life in the music of the contemporary Americans. Others were more skeptical of it, but willing to be won to conviction. Certain ones came because they felt that the institutions which presented the newer music during the New York season were in irresponsible hands, and welcomed the Yaddo Festival because it took the introductory function from the control of third-rate composers and shoddy politicos, and assigned it to a first-rate artist and priestly representative. Others, again, were merely eager to see what, if anything, Copland had to offer under conditions making for concentration and freedom from the hurly-burly of New York and the inevitable interference of the public in search not of vision but of entertainment. All, none the less, were prejudiced to some degree in favor of the cause and the leader; and it was plain that those who conspicuously absented themselves, and whose absence was not due to irresponsibility in the conduct of the critical and professional functions, were letting their nonappearance express their skepticism, distrust, disdain.

Thus, the Yaddo Festival opened in an atmosphere of challenge. The critics and professors had put both the new American music and the composer-impresario on trial before their own partisans. For all the faith of the assemblage, these had to some degree to demonstrate their worth; and it cannot be said that a preliminary inspection of the three programs gave an overwhelming assurance of their ultimate acquittal. Recent American chamber music was evidently entering the lists under a handicap. Copland had clearly not made his selections on the basis of originality and force, and

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Sessions, Harris and Copland himself appeared on the programs. But those of Cowell, Weiss, Ruggles, Rudhyar, Ornstein and several other distinguished composers were missing; the names of a number of composers of smaller figure appearing in their stead. Nor was any other objective principle of selection demonstrable. The program was composed of a number of pieces receiving first performance and a number of others, which, like Harris's piano sonata, Riegger's suite for flauto-solo, Copland's own "Piano Variations," had previously met the fount. It was plain that with a certain pardonable cocksureness, Copland had preferred, to an impersonal basis, the basis of his own personal tastes and enthusiasms, and in all sincerity had placed on his programs only what he himself felt to be good and promissory. Still, American music might conceivably appear no worse for the narrowness of the basis of selection. What it lost in front, it might easily gain in intensity, provided only that the works isolated were clearly representative of some creative if unconscious principle. All depended on the depth and purity of Copland's own point of view, and his faithfulness to it.

It cannot be denied that the progress of the Festival gave the skeptical critics and professors some show of right. The benefits of the concerts were considerable; and still, the young American music did not as a body attest any special heroism at Saratoga in spite of the care and ingenuity expended on the preparation of the concerts. This was due not so much to the defects of the new American music as to those of the direction. Of course, the young American music is not so rich in noble chamber works that it can give the audiences of three concerts completely ecstatic or interesting hours. But it sports more live works than the Festival showed: none of them so overplayed that it could not bear repetition. And it cannot be said that Copland availed himself of the best, or demonstrated entirely superior or even consistent tastes as impresario. His programs revealed errors and inconsistencies of judgment.

Both the merits and the defects of Copland's generalship were clearly displayed by the first concert. It began with an important revelation, that of the musicianship of a young New Yorker, Israel Citkowitz. He had appeared before the public as the author of a graceful sonatina and some songs a few years since. But the three movements for string quartet performed at Yaddo were the vehicles of a wonderful fervor, part Shelleyesque, part Hebraic; and the workmanship was characteristically limpid. A real discovery, a true spirit! Immediately after, Chavez's latest piano composition, "Unidad," made its bow and associated itself with "Energia," the piano sonata and the other of the fiery Mexican's superior works. It is a dance of the male on the American soil, astringent, mocking, impenetrable; and, perfectly representative of Chavez's dry, laconic style, it is distinguished by

But the next number, four polyphonic pieces by Vivian Fine, proved irritating. Three of the pieces were extremely amateurish and one was clever and slight; and none clearly justified its place on the program.

The climax of the concert had now been reached. It was made up of three units. The first, Virgil Thomson's "Stabat Mater" for voice and string quartet, on a poem of Max Jacob's, proved the smooth, agreeable, effective work of a brilliant clown, who several years ago amused himself with a satiric opera on the lives of two great Spanish saints, and now appears to have attempted to prove that music can be made quite as beautifully in a spirit of insincerity as of sincerity. In any case, this little cantata is quite the smart thing in spiritual neckwear, neo-classic in politics, catholic in symbolism, royalist in style, and musically harmless. Indeed, what deeply charmed in it was the voice of Mrs. Ada MacLeish, one of the brilliants of the Festival. She sang twice more, and displayed exceedingly pure and pearly tones, effortlessly produced. But for a very slight inaccuracy of attack in the upper registers, and a muffled English diction, her performance would have been perfect. Nor was her artistic performance solitary. The Festival was rich in exquisite performances, particularly the piano playing of Jesus Sanroma, the flute work of Georges Laurent, and Copland's own work as composer-pianist and accompanist.

But to our muttons: after the Thomson came what was in fact the *pièce de résistance,* the Sessions sonata; and it proved an error of judgment, placed where it was. The sonata is not a whole, but two fragments, one composed of the first three movements, the other of the finale. It is the deeply inward expression of an aristocratic musicianship, beautifully written and original in parts. But spiritually it fails, since the sparkling last movement does not release the tension created by the others: in fact it constitutes a red-hot musical *non sequitur.* The charming songs of Paul Frederick Bowles were scarcely solid enough to retrieve the concert, lyrical and discreetly written as they were. And at the end, the false note of the "Four Diversions for String Quartet," by Louis Gruenberg, was acutely discouraging. Intrinsically cheap, these pieces were only too evidently selected in infidelity to the director's own good taste.

The remaining concerts were somewhat similar. The second descended from the heights of the Harris sonata, inspired work of what is probably the greatest natural talent in American music, to the serenade for string quartet by Mark Blitzstein, evidently the one "which the starved lover sings To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain." Composed of three largo movements, it three times attains what appears to be the ultimate in lethargy. The Berezowsky quartet was also ripe for Koko's little list. Oscar Levant's jazz sonatina called for Gershwin, who does that sort of thing brilliantly.

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Piston sonata for flute and piano, beautifully articulated work of a musical stylist, and took a nose-dive in that curious combination of youthful pedantry and aged smart-aleckism, the suite for flute and piano by Henry Brant.

But it was during the second concert that the new American music triumphed at Yaddo. In the end, all skepticism of the greatness of the forces at work in it left the minds of the audiences. The critics had lost.

The little miracle supervened at the climax of the concert. The place of vantage had been reserved for George Antheil, due to play three sonatas and a sonatina. But he had fallen sick at the eleventh hour; and Copland, who had placed himself on the last program, substituted for Antheil, and looking prodigiously like business, marched to the pianoforte and attacked his own steely "Piano Variations." And in a minute, the world was full.

Many of the audience knew the gorgeous piece, stark and structural and solid as an Empire State Building. But no previous performance had given as great a value to the flinty, imperious, metallic sonorities, or like power to the contracted, slowly progressing volumes. Music of the depths, built out of the tonal characteristics of one of the world's saddest hours, bitter tones, iron clangors, it seemed to pull that world slowly up through agony toward birth in a new bare day. The piece fairly towered, starkly economical, maximally expressive, one hard, relentless moving object. One felt its author the composer of the coming decades.

After that, all was well with the Festival; and the happy effect was duplicated on the next, the last, day. The morning had been lost in a conference between "critics and composers." It would have been lost even had the critics with whom the composers wished to confer been present; for the composers were evidently under the illusion that the minds of critics closed to new emotional experiences were open to intellectual persuasion. But on the final program stood a small but finely selected group of the songs of Charles Ives, and they revealed the presence of a great *lieder* writer in the ranks of American music. A deeply sentient New Englander, somewhat of the type of Robert Frost, Ives has expressed his deep wise feeling of life in songs of perfect design and original color and with characteristic realistic touches. "Serenity" on words of Whittier's, "Maple Leaves" on words of Aldrich's and the version of the cowboy ballad, "Charlie Rutlage," are all prime compositions of their class.

So one forgot the mistakes, failures and disappointments. One only knew the world was firm. One had felt human greatness, and the presence of composers.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The Plan of New York

We publish below the first of two articles by Lewis Mumford criticising the Plan of New York as produced under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation. While the plan might seem at first glance to be a matter of local interest to New York City, we believe that the principles of city and regional planning which Mr. Mumford discusses are of universal application and importance.

Mr. Mumford is well known to readers of The New Republic as critic, essayist and biographer; but perhaps not all of them know that he has for many years closely studied the subject discussed in these articles. A student and follower of the late Sir Patrick Geddes, who might be called the father of modern city and regional planning, Mr. Mumford is secretary of the Regional Planning Association of America. This group, devoted solely to general study and research in the field of regional planning, regionalism and city development, is not to be confused with the Regional Plan Association, Inc., founded six years later to "work for the adoption of" the Russell Sage Regional Plan.

As a young man, Mr. Mumford made a systematic survey of the entire New York region, for his private education. Since 1919 he has written steadily on the subject of cities and city planning and regionalism and regional planning in The Journal of the American Institute of Architects, The Sociological Review, Architecture, Die Form, etc. He was investigator in housing history for the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission, and editorial secretary to the Committee on Community Planning, A.I.A., in 1924 and 1925.—THE EDITORS.

The Scope of the Regional Plan

THE LAST volume of the "Regional Plan of New York and Its Environs" appeared at the end of 1931. The Plan was conceived by Mr. Charles D. Norton, a trustee of the Russell Sage Foundation; and a committee to carry it out was formed in 1921. The full-scale investigation and survey began in 1923: a whole corps of city planners, engineers, statisticians, economists, lawyers and municipal experts have been at work on it: many preliminary guiding spirit in the plan was Mr. Thomas Adams, an

This enterprise was supported by the Russell Sage Foundation; and it cost over a million and a quarter dollars. Because of the magnitude of the task, because of the money and civic good will behind it, because of the high reputation of the investigators themselves, New York's Regional Plan has been pretty generally accepted as the last word on the subject of city planning and regional development. The

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part of the reports and gathered the results together in a final volume. No one can confront the imposing staff of authorities and experts that assisted him without a feeling of genuine deference. If they are wrong, who can be right? If they are muddled, who can be clear?

Still, authorities must finally be judged by the same criterion that applies to everyone else: what is the quality of their thought and what is the validity of their conclusions? After a painstaking examination of this tremendous work, and after due consultation with many other authorities, I am frank to say at the outset that the "Regional Plan for New York and Its Environs" is a disappointment. It not merely fails as a specific enterprise for the benefit of New York: it fails as an example. Mr. Adams, indeed, hopes that the "plan has rendered a real service in establishing some of the principles underlying the problems of city and regional planning, and so has been of use to those struggling with similar problems elsewhere." But while in many parts of the survey, particularly in Volumes Six and Seven, many essential principles are ably set down and many current tendencies in city development are judiciously criticized, the effect of the plan itself is to upset most of the criteria that the authors, in their more detached and critical moments, have established. With respect to the general effect of the Plan—as distinguished from specific contributions within the Report—Mr. Adams' hopes are unfounded.

As a survey of the region and as a handbook on the municipal affairs of some four hundred diverse governmental units, the Regional Plan is invaluable. It presents with great skill and adroitness a good part of the merely local data that are necessary as a basis for plans and policies in the metropolitan area of New York, already a conglomeration inhabited by some eleven and a half million people. On a score of specific projects, the Regional Plan has suggested procedures or sketched out designs with which no competent person will take issue. But it is precisely in the broader aspect of regional survey and regional plan that the report is fundamentally weak: it not merely fails to demonstrate valid principles and useful methods of procedure, but by its show of authority it creates barriers against anyone else's arriving at them. Were its example and its assumptions, widely followed in other cities, the results would, I think, be disastrous for them.

What is the source of this weakness? The failures of short-sighted politicians, practical administrators, to say nothing of bribe-takers, grafters and hold-up men, to give us some semblance of order in our present urban chaos present no interesting problems. But the failure of a group of technicians, men whose specialized competence and honesty and public spirit cannot be doubted, raises some very significant questions. To account for it, one should have a better understanding of the essential tasks of planning and the strategy of living in our present civilization.

The Difficulty of Criticism

In more than one way, the report on the Regional Plan is difficult to criticize. It has been written by various people, and in the course of writing it the same writer has more than once expressed contradictory opinions. Any school of planning could find considerable justification for its special point of view on some page of this report. The advocate of the garden city will find backing for the garden city, and the advocate of the skyscraper will find support for that: those who believe in industrial decentralization will find considerable ground for their interest, and those who believe that New York is destined to greater concentration will also be backed: the believer in the social control of land values and the speculator who would like no control at all: the housing expert who knows that nothing can be done for the masses without a state subsidy and the old-fashioned business man who still thinks that housing can be done by private interests: the believer in a purely mechanical theory of city growth and the believer in organic communities—all these can find exactly the words they are looking for in some corner of this report.

Sometimes, of course, the presentation of contradictory points of view is merely an honest witness to the complexity of the facts that are surveyed: but in other cases, unfortunately, it is due to a failure to think clearly and to follow a train of thought to its conclusion. The net result of this Pauline effort to be all things to all men is to neutralize the effect of any particular proposal. One must finally judge the Regional Plan not by its separate details but by its *drift*. Thus, the report talks garden cities but drifts toward further metropolitan centralization; it talks neighborhood planning and better housing, but drifts toward objective standards of light and air for building but drifts toward overintensive uses of even suburban areas. Hence no single quotation from the report will do it justice, either by way of criticism or defense: one must get the drift of it, and one can do this only by grappling with the Regional Plan as a whole.

With respect to the actual contents and their arrangement, the eight volumes of survey and the two on plan are likewise very difficult to characterize. Possibly because of purely accidental circumstances, the separate reports are arranged in no logical order: the surveys of geographic and historical conditions in the metropolitan area, which are preliminary to any understanding of the social and economic conditions, are mixed together in Volume Eight. They are in effect and in content perfunctory studies, which do not seem in the least to have enabled the investigators to lay down more intelligently their main problems.

On matters of critical importance for an understanding of metropolitan development, as a special phenomenon in the growth of cities, the Plan has only a slight contribution to make. In a preliminary report to the committee, Mr. Walter W. Stewart, an able economist, suggested that a regional plan for the area involved a study of the complex forces that affect the balance between farm and city populations; but neither this, nor the relation of metropolitan growth and metropolitan finance was undertaken by the surveyors—although the latter is plainly a key problem. In their anxiety to arrive at tangible recommendations for the Plan, the Russell Sage planners failed to deal systematically with more than a fraction of the forces that have created the present complex of cities

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In geography, the word region has a fairly exact connotation; but the Russell Sage planners have used it to describe an arbitrarily chosen area of metropolitan influence. Why was an area with a forty-mile radius from the center taken as the basis of the Survey and the Plan? This question is bound up with all the population predictions and a good part of the plans for transportation and traffic; and yet the intentions and purposes which were in the planners' minds in choosing such an area are nowhere very clearly expressed or cogently accounted for. In Plan Volume One, we learn that "the boundaries were determined largely on four grounds, namely: (1) they embraced the area within which population can and does travel in reasonable time from home to place of work—that is, the commuting area; (2) they included the large outlying recreational areas within easy reach of the metropolitan center; (3) they followed the boundaries of cities and counties at the periphery of these areas, so as to relate the plans to the areas of administration; and (4) they had regard to the physical characteristics such as watersheds and waterways."

The assumptions involved in this choice are not in the least self-evident. By what criterion is two hours' commutation per day a reasonable expenditure of time, energy, money? Why should a metropolitan area be planned so as to increase the flow of population from a crowded center to more and more fully urbanized but dependent outlying areas? (Mr. Raymond Unwin, called in as consultant, posed this question, I believe, at the very outset of the investigation.) If garden cities are to be built up, as at one point the Regional Plan advocates, why should the colonization of such cities be within the expensive surburban districts of the metropolis, instead of in the cheaper agricultural areas beyond? Why does the notion of planning for the metropolitan area carry with it in the minds of the Russell Sage planners the notion of progressively filling up the metropolitan area? This question of a boundary line is of critical importance: for an area with thrice as great a radius would have altered almost every term in the problem. The question becomes all the more pertinent when one observes how often in the report the low *average* density of population for the forty-mile area is cited—as if this were in some fashion a palliation for the indecent congestion of the metropolis itself or an earnest of the possibility that future growth, arising out of similar causes, would be less congested.

The boundary line suggested by the Russell Sage planners takes the place of the walls of the bottle in which Dr. Raymond Pearl bred his fruitflies: by a metaphorical process, he assumed that the curve of growth which accounts for the multiplication of Drosophila in a closed container will also account, by and large, for the future growth of population in the New York region—if that be regarded as a closed container. The original estimates on this basis of a population by 1965 of 29,000,000 for the entire area have now been reduced by the planners to 21,000,000; but the principle remains fallacious. Sociologically speaking, the assumption is valueless; psychologically speaking, it must be classed as wish fulfilment.

The New York region, then, as described by the Regional Plan, is a purely arbitrary concept, based upon future possibilities of transportation and past facts of city growth. But the population of this area is not simply determined by the biological ratio of births over deaths: nor will it be determined inevitably by the social and economic forces that have acted in the past, since these are not immutable. The actual population that will come into the area is conditioned not merely by industrial movements, changes in the form of labor organization, laws governing immigration, the rate structures established for railroads and for giant power: *it is also conditioned by the very plans and policies that are made to meet an anticipated increase or decrease of population.* To assume that growth within an arbitrary metropolitan area will continue automatically in the future, under the same conditions that prevailed in the past, is to beg the whole question: it is to place a premium upon inertia and routine and to register a vote against those possibilities of social control which a plan, by its very nature, must conjure up.

Planning for an Inevitable Growth

The Regional Plan's difficulties on the fundamental matters of area and population derive from two sources. First: they have accepted as "automatic" and "inevitable" a process of metropolitan aggrandizement which has been in good part deliberate: the outcome of consciously formulated plans and purposes. Second: the investigators do not distinguish between the actual forms of urban growth in our present civilization. In the first volume, for instance, Professor Haig, discussing the economic conditions of metropolitanism, ignores the part played by the efforts to promote congestion, such as the pyramiding of ground rents in the business districts and the establishment of differential freight rates in favor of the Port of New York, and within that Port, of Manhattan Island. Nor does he distinguish between urbanism in general and metropolitanism: hence, for him, the increase in the proportion of city dwellers to agricultural workers is a justification of the process of metropolitan expansion—as if that were the sole mode of city development!

inevitability of metropolitan development that they blinded themselves to the significance of their own statistics, and even arranged them in such a fashion as to obscure the real trends to the casual reader. Here are the Regional Plan's own figures (Vol. I, pp. 23, 34) on the increase in the number of factory workers for the region as a whole. I have translated these figures into percentages in order to tell the story more clearly. In the case of all three zones there appear actual decreases in the period from 1912 to 1922 which are not fully accounted for. But the figures are perhaps even more important taken for the area as a whole.

1900-1922	1900-1912	1912-1917	1917-1922
24,960 per year	33,438 per year	17,082 per year	12,493 per year
83.6 %	61.0 %	8.1 %	5.5 %

Whereas the increase from 1900 to 1922 was 83.6 percent, that from 1912 to 1922 was only 13.6 percent, and whereas in the first period the [illegible]

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ulation increased more rapidly than the factory workers.[1]

This puts another face upon the overwhelming industrial importance of the metropolitan area, and its "inevitable" growth. More recent figures reduce the increase further: during the two-year period, 1926 and 1927, the seventy-four cities included in the New York region gained only 14,136 industrial workers, or an average of 7,068 per year (Vol. VI, p. 189).

In other words, there has been a steady decrease in the rate of industrial growth since 1912: a process which has nothing whatever to do, of course, with the present business depression. There is reason to believe that the peak of industrial centralization occurred at about 1910, and that since that time new technological factors, particularly electric power, the telephone, the motor car and new methods of corporate direction, have been making themselves felt. Dealing with this problem almost solely in terms of local factors—the local market, the necessity for the heavy industries, like chemicals, to find cheaper land to expand on, and so forth—the Regional Plan has not concerned itself with the general conditions that are plainly diminishing the necessity and the convenience of metropolitan centralization. Even calculations as to the importance of the port of New York as a commercial center are affected by proposals like those for building up Hampton Roads or opening a direct waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic. In both geography and technics, the purview of this gigantic Regional Plan was essentially parochial.

With the myth of New York's greatness and the desire for metropolitan concentration to spur them, they looked for no other evidence and admitted no other necessities. Is it any wonder that from the beginning the Russell Sage planners tended to belittle the new social conditions and the new technological innovations which might, if socially applied and controlled, act as a brake upon metropolitan growth? The influence of the telephone, the radio, the automobile, the airplane, giant power, skilled industrial planning and rationalization, in flattening out the "advantages" of the metropolis, even the dubious advantage of a large labor market, part of it chronically unemployed—none of these factors has been completely canvased and candidly assessed.

Accepting the extension and the congestion of the metropolitan area as inevitable, these planners are in the position of a community on the lower Mississippi when the river is rising: it is too late to control the flood and the only possible form of effort is to create stouter levees and to remove one's household back from the river to higher ground. All the more tangible hopes for the Regional Plan for better living conditions lie in the outlying suburban areas. "It is in the outlying fringe," writes Mr. Adams, "that the opportunities for improvement are greatest. As the regional survey has shown, it is here that the greatest potentialities exist both for creating good conditions and for the application of measures for the prevention of bad conditions."

Unfortunately, the forces which have created a mess in the center are at work, likewise, in the outer fringe. If the regional planners have no plan for controlling these forces at the center, why should they be more sanguine of their abilities on the periphery?

The Lack of an Alternative Hypothesis

Now, the capital use of a comprehensive survey is to state the problem correctly. It may be that under terms acceptable to our present financial interests no effective planning can be done within the metropolitan district, and no solution in the interest of public health and welfare and amenity and the good life generally is possible. But this is no reason for evading the problem itself or for hiding the essential facts with illusory hopes and false promises. One of the needs of a fundamental survey is to delimit those problems which can be handled immediately, those which can be dealt with by current methods once public opinion and official authority have been educated sufficiently, and those which cannot be handled at all until there is a complete reorientation in our civilization. The last are by no means the least important.

While providing a plan which was to operate over a period of at least thirty-five years, the Regional Plan has cast its solutions as far as possible into terms which would admit of their immediate fulfilment. This mode of forecast and planning not merely allows precious little for changes in our economy and our institutions: it does not allow for the education and political possibilities of a well digested plan. It may be more *effective*, as well as more clear-sighted and honest, to say that no comprehensive planning for the improvement of living conditions can be done as long as property values and private enterprise are looked upon as sacred, than it is to draw pictures of parks that may never be built, playgrounds that may never be opened to children, and garden cities that will never be financed.

Judgments about the social future differ from other forms of scientific prediction. Dr. John Dewey has called them "judgments of practice" and has pointed out that the hypothesis that is provisionally assumed is also one of the factors that contribute to the results. The Russell Sage planners have assumed the necessity for the continuous growth of the population and the continuous urban expansion of the metropolitan area. Had they accepted one or another hypothesis, the area they treated would have been of different size, and the problems they set themselves would have been posed differently and answered differently.

At no point in either the survey or the plan is there the slightest indication that they seriously considered alternative hypotheses, although one of these had been broached in 1926 by the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission, under the chairmanship of Mr. Clarence S. Stein, in outlining a schematic regional plan for the state of New York. This weakness in the [illegible] of a planning technique and of social control

[1] It might be well to mention here that the Regional Plan of N[illegible] York, while it gives the actual figures of increase or decrease

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decked streets or belt-line railroads or multiple subways, but to reroute the movement of wheat, let us say, through the Eastern ports. No city is a self-contained entity, least of all the metropolis: it is what it is because of continental and even worldwide conditions. The solutions of most of the fundamental problems of city development in New York do not rest simply in the municipal engineer's office, and no council of local experts, however able, can deal with them adequately on local terms alone. But the Regional Plan took the underlying causes of congestion as "given," and did not inquire into them or ask how they might be alleviated or diverted.

The truth is that the Russell Sage planners did not take advantage of their theoretical freedom: they were so eager to fasten to a viable solution, a solution acceptable to their committee full of illustrious names in financial and civic affairs, to the business community generally, to the public officials of the region, that they deliberately restricted the area of their questions. In genuine research, it is a surprising matter to emerge from the investigation with the same conclusions as one provisionally had reached before entering it; and the very fact that the makers of the Regional Plan found so little need to shift their point of view or to adopt a fresh outlook during a period of eight years makes one feel that they felt, doubtless unconsciously, the pressure of limiting commitments.

But in a report of this nature, without official authority, the whole success is bound up with its intellectual and imaginative validity, with its capacity to start new lines of activity going, to suggest new methods of procedure, in short, to depart from the limited and routine thinking of the practical man, whose horizon is limited by his desk or his draughting table. There is nothing more practical than a fertile theoretical attack: there is nothing less practical than a concrete proposal which, if not immediately carried out, becomes obsolete and must be replaced. By creating a plan for immediate adoption, the Russell Sage planners have made a plan that is not worth adopting.

This superficiality accounts for no small part of the weakness of the specific recommendations made by the Russell Sage planners. Let us examine these concrete proposals in a little greater detail.

Proposals for Land Utilization

Let us take up, first, the matter of land-utilization. The scope of this planning is so broad and detailed that one can touch, of course, only some of the high points.

The chief proposals for the present built-up areas in the metropolitan districts are for new industrial zones. These areas are, very sensibly, much smaller than those which the municipal authorities have lavishly zoned as industrial. Perhaps the best of these are suggestions for improving the waterfront of Manhattan, making it more generally available for recreation at the same time that it is improved for rapid transportation and for port uses. New industrial areas are indicated for Brooklyn, and there is even the suggestion that an airport might take the place of the present Brooklyn Navy Yard, with still another airport on Governor's Island. These are all sensible proposals: the treatment of the Chrystie-Forsyth area as a wide traffic boulevard is infinitely to be preferred to the present attempts to make it a site for municipal housing—the plottage constitutes probably the very worst housing site in the city—and the elevated highway along the East River, which was omitted in a plan recently made for the East Side Chamber of Commerce, would help to open up that dead area in the heel of the island.

In contrast to the numerous industrial areas assigned, there are no major proposals for new decentralized business areas. This is all the more curious because not only are department stores, for example, a great factor in transit congestion—a four-story store, Mr. Goodrich calculates, is the equivalent in congestion of a twelve-story loft or a twenty-story office building—but because department stores themselves have begun spontaneously to decentralize and might be encouraged to go further. In Plan Volume One the opportunity is mentioned: but the only plan laid down is that for the Hackensack Meadows project. Despite the important opportunity offered by the George Washington Bridge, there is no hint in the report of a sub-business center between One Hundred and Fifty-sixth and One [illegible] the water around the Wil[illegible]

cutting of traffic and commerce through this area, instead of bringing it into the center of the city, would greatly relieve congestion in the Pennsylvania-Grand Central district. With the Long Island hinterland connected with Harlem by the Tri-borough Bridge, and the New Jersey hinterland connected with Washington Heights by the bridge over the Hudson, an opportunity now exists for effectively recentralizing the existing city and relieving some of the pressure on the two overcrowded centers below Fifty-ninth Street. If population continues to decrease on Manhattan this would be a real step toward lessening congestion; and should commutation increase as rapidly as the Russell Sage planners believe, it would be the only measure that would postpone the complete strangulation of business below Fifty-ninth Street. Moreover, the building up of new commercial centers in Harlem and in Washington Heights would perhaps be an effective step towards redeeming the blighted areas in the upper East and West sides on Manhattan Island. Despite Mr. Adams' frequent use of the word recentralization, he lost here a major opportunity to bring it into action.

One notes, too, that there is no suggestion of a sub-business center on Jamaica Bay, to care not only for the possible port development there, but to relieve workers and shoppers of a burdensome trip into Manhattan or into the already congested Borough Hall district. The neglect of such opportunities tends not merely to pile up traffic and transit problems: it tends also to neglect a remedy for our already overcostly transportation system—namely, a balanced load moving in opposite directions at the same time.

Within New York, the plan makes two excellent suggestions for more needed park space: one is the use of the larger part of Welfare Island, Ward's Island and Randall's Island—removing the present institutions to outlying areas. The other is the building up of a park, partly in

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not nearly as happy: one is to sacrifice strips along the Central Park West and Fifth Avenue, in order to facilitate traffic, and the other is the removal of the existing menagerie to a distant suburban park—on the quaint abstract ground that this accords better with modern park principles, and in the face of the fact that it is, on the planners' own confession, one of the most popular and humanizing attractions in the park. The only way in which the sacrifice of the park area could be atoned for would be by closing up the traffic driveways of the park proper, making this considerable amount of space open for children's play and adult recreation: but the only compensation the Plan offers is that traffic within the park be reduced to fifteen miles an hour!

In the outlying sections of the region, the Regional Plan suggests principally new park sites and new industrial sites: they also add to the areas of most of the residential villages and suburbs and zone some of the distant lake sites for residences. The admirable Westchester County Parkways system, duly described in Volume Six, has offered a convenient standard for similar projects in other parts of the region. A large park is suggested for Greenwood Lake, and a considerable extension of the Ramapo Mountains Park is added: but Lake Hopatcong, more accessible than Greenwood Lake, remains apparently in private hands.

Perhaps the most drastic transformation of land use put forward is that for redeeming the Hackensack Meadows, converting the southern part into an enormous industrial area and creating a large residential community out of the upper part, with a park area of over 3,000 acres. Such a development would wipe out a natural obstacle to transportation and would possibly diminish the number of mosquitos: but the question arises as to whether the rehabilitation of the blighted housing areas around the meadows would not be more feasible and economical. The newly made land would have the advantage of being cheaper as raw land and of being unspoiled by the subdivider; but on the other hand, the park area suggested, already reduced by almost a thousand acres by those who are pushing the plan, would be of little use to the surrounding population if 700,000 new inhabitants were likewise to use it. With the filling up of the hinterland by suburbs, with the congestion that exists in the summer in the favored recreation grounds, with the greater and greater distance in time consumed, if not in miles, between the residential areas and the recreation areas, especially bathing beaches, it is a serious question whether the filling up of the meadows during the present period would not be treason to a later generation. What the Regional Plan proposes is to swallow for housing and industry the last large potential park and open-water area. The question is not, can we afford to develop it as park: the question is, can we afford to develop it as anything else? (In spite of all that the Regional Plan has stated so confidently about the existence of open areas in the present region, it is significant to note that almost the only area of considerable size it can point to, unspoiled by real-estate development or by topographic obstacles, is a salt marsh.)

In contrast to the very dubious Hackensack Meadows [illegible] great store is a mole and breakwater across the lower bay, from Sandy Hook to Rockaway Point. This is a piece of genuine imaginative planning: it would not merely provide an area of safe anchorage before reaching Quarantine; nor would it only provide a useful roadway connection between the Jersey mainland and Long Island, making possible a rerouting of northbound traffic: it would also provide a much needed expanse of clean beach, whose bathing facilities and amusements would ultimately pay for the entire cost of the project. Mr. Adams puts this proposal on the carpet again in Plan Volume Two, but it does not appear in the Graphic Regional Plan. If it be feasible, and if it could be done without running the danger of silting up the channel, it has far more to commend it than the Hackensack Meadows project. Incidentally, this scheme was put forward independently by the Pilots' Association.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Washington Notes

Renominating Mr. Hoover—The Sales-Tax Speech—Planks and Platforms—Curtis Again

IT IS impossible to tell at this moment whether Congress will have adjourned or recessed in time for the Republican convention, but the usually astute and acute Mr. Moses of New Hampshire, and the generally wise Mr. Reed of Pennsylvania, while agreeing that it can adjourn, insist that it won't. The tax bill has gone through the Senate, but, as I write, it is not yet out of the conference committee. There remain, too, the problems of economy and relief, together with various omnibus appropriation bills not yet passed. However, this is no time for predictions and I make none on that score.

So far as the Republican convention is concerned, prediction is an easy matter. In a few days now Herbert Hoover will be overwhelmingly renominated in a convention that would vastly prefer that curious little Northampton creature, Calvin Coolidge, entirely on the ground that the party could win with him, whereas with Mr. Hoover the prospect is anything but good. It must, however, be admitted that prospects are better than they were. The Democratic party certainly did its best for Hoover at this session, giving him opportunities which he could not have obtained in any other way and creating a sympathy and support for him not wholly justified by the facts. I cite, for example, that dramatic speech of his before the Senate just before the tax bill passed. The Republican press unanimously, and some Democratic papers, gave full credit to Mr. Hoover for compelling the Senate to face the emergency and pass a bill that "balanced the budget."

The truth is that he did nothing of the kind. The bill would have been passed the night before if it had not been for the extraordinary speech of Senator Reed, fresh from the White House, in which he raised the specter of going off the gold standard, spoke in hushed tones of the great gravity of the situation and the fact that the bill as then framed was ruinously inadequate. I have rarely heard a

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and gave the President his chance to appear next morning. His appearance and his speech had very little to do with what happened. The Reed-Hoover team play, it seemed, was staged in the interests of the sales tax, and it accomplished for that proposition exactly nothing. None the less, the timing of the presidential appearance was such as to enable him to reap pretty general popular approval. It also caused an increased bitterness toward him on the part of the various individuals in the Senate who felt that the Reed speech was inexcusable, the Mills estimates baffling and the Hoover pronouncement unnecessary.

I do not know, however, that this increased bitterness makes much difference. They were sufficiently bitter before, and a good many of them in his own party will go to Chicago—if they go—in no amiable frame of mind. From what I gather, the platform is at this moment completely prepared, with the sole exception of the prohibition plank. It has been drafted almost entirely by "the Chief" himself, and the recital of the record of the administration is, of course, an impressive one for those who want to be impressed.

The new "economic program" is being kept deeply hidden, but I am told that there will be some new Hoover ideas for "lifting the depression." Also, it is hinted that the foreign-affairs plank may be something of a surprise, inasmuch as Mr. Hoover is becoming more impressed with the belief that a refusal to face the obvious facts about war debts is ridiculous, and that pretending that there is any real prospect of further collections is an idea that must be abandoned. There will, I think, be some heated words over that plank if this advance information happens to be well based. I can picture the fury of the Hearst Senators and the anguished outcries of the non-reduction group, which still holds tightly to the wholly ridiculous idea that there is no connection between debts and reparations. Also, I seem to recall that the same Mr. Reed who so alarmed everybody with his reference to the gold standard, not many months ago made a hot speech in which he declared against both cancellation and reduction. As Mr. Reed is slated for chairman of the Resolutions Committee, and is one of the Hoover "advisers," it is difficult to reconcile an outspoken plank on debts with his White House relationship, and I am entirely skeptical about it.

As for prohibition, there is no authoritative word of the President's purpose, plan, intentions or ideas. One politician leaves the White House and tells the "corps of correspondents" that a "liberal" plank is assured. A day or so following, information "leaks out" that Mr. Hoover will not agree to any referendum or resubmission proposal, and will insist on a law-enforcement declaration. What is happening, I think, is that he weighs the political possibilities on a different pair of scales each day, and is terribly bothered by the quite obvious fact that whatever he does involves a risk, and he can't determine which is the lesser—to stick with the Drys or advance toward the Wets. The pressure on him is stronger from the Wet side, but the threats are about equally divided.

At least two members of his Cabinet have drafted, at his suggestion, tentative planks along resubmission lines [illegible]

given cause for a lot of harmful publicity concerning his inability to make up his mind. In the meantime, the Wet leaders of the East, such as Nicholas Murray Butler, Charles D. Hilles, the estimable Mr. Vare of Philadelphia, who had so much to do with Hoover's nomination in 1928, are preparing to make a really strenuous fight. It will, I think, be the one good show in the convention. As I estimate it, there will be slightly over two hundred genuinely Wet delegates from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Rhode Island and other states. This will be nothing like enough to bring about a repeal declaration, but it will be ample to make a protest that will impress the country against a pussy-footing, meaningless plank. And it is their determined purpose to make such a fight. As one of the most forceful and conspicuous delegates said to me the other day, "They ran over us four years ago and laughed. This time they may run over us, but they won't laugh. This time we are going to put their toes to the fire."

On the vice-presidential nomination, the opposition to the venerable Curtis, so vibrant a month ago, seems to have waned. The chances are that he will be named, but with regret, foreboding and premonitions. On this vice-presidential nomination there is, curiously enough, a Wet and Dry argument of seeming plausibility but, I think, of no real importance. It is said, for instance, that if Mr. Hoover in his speech of acceptance adheres to the Dry side by being platitudinously for the sort of resubmission plank that will suit the Borahs, the Cannons and the Clarence True Wilsons, it would then be good politics to drop Mr. Curtis and pick as his running mate a real Wet from the East of Jimmie Wadsworth's type. On the other hand, if Mr. Hoover's final balancing of the political pros and cons induces him to take a decided step toward the Wet side with a resubmission proposal that means something, it would then be the part of wisdom to retain Mr. Curtis as his running mate on the theory that Charlie is an old-time favorite with all the Dry leaders and they would not want to oppose him.

I repeat, this is an interesting argument but not sound. In an observation of politics covering a good many presidential campaigns I have no recollection of any vice-presidential candidate who either helped or hurt the presidential candidate. The idea that they do either one or the other seems to me completely unbased. They do not even carry their own states except when they would have been carried anyhow. Recall, for example, the reason for putting Charlie Bryan on the 1924 ticket with the unfortunate John W. Davis. He did, it is true, hurt Mr. Davis in the East, but he did not help him in the West and the good Calvin handily carried Bryan's home state of Nebraska. It is always that way. Hence, from the political standpoint, I do not think it makes the slightest difference so far as Hoover is concerned whether Curtis is renominated or not. From the country's standpoint there is a certain menace in the possibility that we might get a seventy-five-year-old politician of the Curtis type, who would be bad at any age, as President along about 1934. That, however,

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The Feasts of the Good

THERE is a sentence of Robert Bridges quoted in this second volume of Sir William Rothenstein's[1] that will make a good start toward placing this journal: "I have found the chief reward of being an artist is the friendship of kindred spirits that it brings." Such a feeling characterizes this book of memories, and has a sort of commentary from the author: "Indeed during my later years I have enjoyed discussing life and art with writers, musicians and with men of science too, more, perhaps, than with painters. With men following parallel pursuits, one exchanges, as it were, understanding."

This second volume of the Rothenstein memoirs, fruit of a life spent among men of all sorts in England and on the Continent, though now in England mostly, is, like the first, hard to deal with fairly. It is obvious that you cannot know so simply and loyally so many men of so many gifts and degrees of position in the world without yourself being somewhat of their quality and blessed with powers of insight, justness and response. It is plain that this man has been brave, sound-hearted and direct. He has championed artists small and large whom the public neglected or cursed or whom some circle tried to ruin. He has also carried far a gift for recognition among young men of talent and a right to a place in the moment's pantheon at least. He has been deep and loyal to the gentle things of life, toward simple people; and toward the beauty of the earth he has been constant and profound and might himself have written that sentence of Tagore's: "When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable." He has ranged widely and been curious about men; though there has been an element of the oversupine, I imagine, in his extension of response or receptivity toward these men and women he has met.

These are all fine characteristics and practices, no doubt, and I admire them—who does not? But side by side with several of them, I find myself setting up objections, kicking out at this busy-mindedness, generous harmony and humanitarian concern in Sir William. If I take him as a kind of clean and gentle solvent for the world he records in his journal, I am willing to let it pass, the whole personality of him. If I think of him as a painter, writing a book, and as a painter some of whose work can honestly be admired and granted its museum place, I lose peace with him.

Championing artists against the public, for example. A fine thing in its way, and now and again a very great artist may come down with a blow; we are all for stinging and slapping in the face and stirring up the people. But in general the business belongs to intelligent lovers of art, to education, to critics, or to the experts, of whom the author says "today the priest, who knows all about God, has been replaced by the expert, who knows all about art; and the orthodox throng to hear the latest word on creation from men who do not create." In some roundabout way it seems to me also that the public ultimately is right; in the end it knows what means something to it or whether it needs such and such to live by. As to art, the great multitude divides into two great classes, those who when you show them that a work of art is good do not dislike it, and those who do. As to the painter, I think he is better used, first, painting his pictures and, second, saying to the painter he defends, "You are great. Listen to your own soul," rather than writing letters about him to The Times. Others can write these letters, others whose words to the painter himself would mean no more than in print, since they arise from no fellowship of creation. And certainly the solid British public knows one thing, that it can do with very little art at all.

As to the recognition of young men in art, it obviously has its virtue. But it may also be false, either through a pride in humility or in one's perception or through being only a form of mothering. Or it may do harm through finding too many wonders in a single sky and thus bringing about a trend toward sweetness and mediocrity. I find it both hard and easy to believe the many lovely wonders that Sir William has recognized among the artists of England, though I think I should feel it easier somehow if he said it more like this: "James, John, McCullough, Tom, Tim, Perkins, Simpson, Sampson, MacGregor and so on did some lovely things and so did the bushes and thrushes and so on."

Hath not an artist eyes . . . hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? . . . If you prick them do they not bleed? If you tickle them do they not laugh? If you wrong them, shall they not—et cetera? Even if they did come down to us for a week-end in the country. I confess, knowing some of the hot and rotten elements present in some of the men here recorded and the bearing of these elements on an understanding of their history or art, and finding them thus served up with this kindly white sauce of Sir William's, I find myself thinking hungrily of somebody like Michelangelo, when Raphael said of him: "This man walks the streets of Rome like an executioner." Why not be sharper, for example, about the brilliance, fascination and weakness of a man like Geoffrey Scott, who wrote what, in my opinion at least, is the most distinguished book on art in English, "The Architecture of Humanism"; and of Shaw, Gordon Craig, Lord Balfour and so on? I find myself wanting to scold the author of such possibilities in record as this book comprises, to knock him about. I'd like more light in this sweetness; and I should like in the opinions and details more of that edge which at his best he can put into a drawing. I'd like, too, a little more murder in his heart, not because I love murder, but because I respect the heart.

There is, however, I suppose, a sort of call for mild dullness, which a great deal of this book is; I suppose, too, there is a place for notes about a visit to America that might have been left by a tabby cat. And the book as a whole has some degree of importance. Many of the comments are worth keeping: those on Cézanne, on Matisse, on craftsmanship, on Conrad, A. E. Housman, Anatole France, who came near to ruffling the surface of the painter's narrative; on Tagore, about whose posings and disciples, apart from his great qualities, Sir William almost remonstrates; on Augustus John, whose talent remains a great luminary in this journal and whose strong

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as of Hudson, the Hudson of "Green Mansions": "His peculiar, mysterious charm was indescribable; something about him tore at one's heart, so lovable he was. Yet he never invited affection; he was a lonely man, with something of the animal about him, walking away, and returning with the nonchalance of an animal, and then disappearing again." Calling Picasso "the gigolo of geometry," however, seems to me less happy, though it illustrates what seems to be true: that abroad our author shoots a bit more sharply now and then, and it snaps up, obviously, a certain aspect of Picasso. But though a lot of Picasso is café amusement and doubtless gayly meant so on the painter's part, I cannot say that Sir William's record has persuaded me for a moment that any painting among his friends—all those met, praised and recorded men—can touch, for example, the Picasso in the collection of Mrs. Garrett at the American Embassy in Rome. In the shadows by the wall a naked woman lies asleep on a dingy heavy bed; a man in a brown dressing-gown, like a scholar's, sits by a lamp, with a book open, though not read, in his hand; his face, distinguished and taut, like a fine El Greco, drops forward—a poetry, irony, grave elegance, something morose, shadowed and tragic, one of the most beautiful modern pictures I know.

A fairly large section of "Men and Memories" is devoted to the painter's experience making drawings at the front during the War. We see the straightness and truth of his nature by the reception given him there, though this is but modestly recorded in the notes. As a whole, this part of the book makes flat reading. The best chapters in the entire volume are those on the trip to India. In these the sense of the Indian life, the magnificence of Indian architecture, the religious genius, the color of the scene and the intensity of the spirit, is set down with a fine, warm and noble quality, and a perception free and rich. There was a Greek proverb that said "to the feasts of the good the good come uninvited."

The forty-eight illustrations include paintings and drawings by the author and others.

STARK YOUNG.

Episode in Elysium

In the unending evening, Vergil only
Slowly said, "The wandering begun
Under the dark is always sad and lonely;
Dear boys die young; and pitiful old kings
Stretch in the bloody dust; tall towers are done
To ruin; there are tears for mortal things.
Be fourfold happy now your rest is won."

And all I said was, "There are tears as well
In landscape, and the wonder-working earth
Can touch the mind with sweetness. You were never
Sorry to die, O sorrowful from birth!"
So I, no more. And Vergil, hearing, fell
Silent again, sorry for me forever,
Mournful among the holm-oak trees of hell.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Real-Estate Lambs

SIR: I have read with interest Mr. Bernard J. Reis's article, "Reshearing the Shorn Lambs," in your issue of March 30.

Mr. Reis's subject is one which is of professional interest to me, since the house with which I am associated has for over twenty years been in the business of distributing real-estate securities and has outstanding today in the hands of the public well over forty million dollars' worth of such securities paying interest and principal.

I feel that Mr. Reis is doing both the professional real-estate banker and the large army of investors a disservice by presenting in a sensational and prejudiced way a situation which has not been brought about merely by loose methods of financing, but for which other causes of far greater significance are largely responsible.

The factors which are at the root of the collapse in real-estate values are many in number. The automobile, the movement of population and the statistical trend of population within the United States; the falling off and final disappearance of immigration; the growing decentralization of industry; the centripetal as well as centrifugal movement of population within the industrial cities; the change in the technique of living; and other factors (largely uncontrollable under our present system) have affected land economics to a degree which is at least in part expressed in the enormous defaults in real-estate securities now visible in the United States. It is true that the technique of financing real estate has not kept pace with industrial financial methods. It has particularly not proved possible in the past to introduce equity financing into the real-estate field except on an insignificant scale. This has led inevitably to abuses, since the irresponsible promoter has not found it difficult during boom or even normal times to obtain estimates of value and potential profit which seemed to justify first-mortgage loans far in excess of conservative and cautious appraisals.

But it is a mistake to blame the real-estate banker for the collapse of a market in the maintenance of which he was a good deal more interested than anyone else in the country, nor is it fair to charge him, now, with an attempt to "reshear shorn lambs," when in an overwhelming majority of cases he labors honestly, faithfully and in discharge of what he considers a moral obligation to salvage what can be salvaged out of the financial wreck of a good many of his enterprises. Every real-estate bond holder and every real-estate banker knows any number of security houses which maintain elaborate departments for the purpose of gradually and slowly reorganizing properties now in their hands as representatives of bond holders. The method now followed by a good many houses when any of their issues goes into default, is to form, as Mr. Reis has indicated, a bond holders' committee, and the difficulty of arousing bond holders' interest to the point of depositing their bonds with such committees is frequently very great. It seems incredible, but there are very large numbers of bond holders who seem utterly indifferent to their own protection. Nor is their reluctance to deposit bonds due to any hostility or unwillingness to entrust the bond house with the responsibility for reorganization. In most cases it is sheer sloth. I can speak with some degree of authority on the subject, having myself talked to literally hundreds of bond holders who had not deposited their bonds—despite two or three letters sent to them and despite their declared willingness to do so—because they were too forgetful or, to speak frankly, too lazy and careless to protect their own interests. It is true that a bond holders' committee is not the ideal form of reorganization method except in cases where the sponsoring house is honestly anxious to restore to its customers such part of their principal as can be recovered. I fail to find in Mr. Reis's article any proof of dishonesty on the part of any of the responsible houses who have been engaged in the distributing of real-estate securities in the past.

Undoubtedly Mr. Reis can make a good case of lax financing methods, overenthusiasm, lack of common sense and conservatism

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cause they follow, in their attempt to reorganize, the well trodden path of bond holders' committees is unfair, particularly so because they try desperately in all cases that have come to my attention to get individual bond holders to serve on such committees in order to relieve themselves of the incredible burden, bother, work and expense which is the sorry lot of the investment banker who disinterestedly attempts to do a job of salvage for his clients.

Cleveland, Ohio. E. F. CURTZ.

"A Nous la Liberté"

SIR: After having read the inadequate and misleading review of "A Nous la Liberté" in The New Republic of June 1, I turned to the Contributors' Box and was surprised to learn that Philippe Soupault was a French writer of considerable repute in both France and the United States. Readers of your journal who have seen René Clair's stinging indictment of modern industrialism at the Europa Theatre do not need to be told that M. Soupault's summary of the scenario gives no real idea of the action, but for the benefit of those who may have missed it, I wish to point out that Emile (the convict who served out his term) was not looking for work in the phonograph factory of his old prison pal Louis, but was forced into it by circumstances; that he didn't abandon his love when he and Louis took to the Open Road, as he had already become reconciled to having been turned down by the girl in the case; that Louis didn't give up his factory just out of pure love of hoboing, but because of having been discovered by a blackmailing gang of ex-convicts, and that, finally and most important of all, the picture is no glorification of hoboing *per se*. On the contrary, we see the workers to whom Louis has turned over his wonderful "workless" factory enjoying themselves in all kinds of ways while the belt continues to grind out phonographs galore. The lesson is obvious. It is all very well for M. Soupault to demand more seriousness from M. Clair in treating the great subject of human liberty and mechanization, but in view of the fact that many of the greatest social thinkers of the world have been doing that very thing for a long, long time without the success we could wish, let's give M. Clair a chance to supplement their efforts by his own effective irony.

New York City. HARRY T. SMITH.

Infant Mortality in Puerto Rico

SIR: During the past year, the infant mortality rate in Puerto Rico has increased 24 percent. Surely there is no value in bringing children into the world to perish. The organization and operation of birth-control clinics, where poor women might receive free, or for a nominal fee, reliable medical assistance, would stop at its source the cause of much unhappiness and destitution.

In twenty-three of the states and the territory of Hawaii there are now successfully operating one hundred and twelve birth-control clinics where women of the poorer classes receive advice which helps them to limit their families to such numbers as they are able to feed and care for. The assistance given is contributing to a diminishing birth rate and is resulting in happier and healthier people.

Anyone interested in aiding a movement for establishing birth-control clinics in Puerto Rico is invited to communicate with me, care of the American Birth Control League, Inc., 152 Madison Avenue, New York City.

New York City. VIOLET S. CALLANDER.

A Modern Hero

SIR: Having read Bromfield's "A Modern Hero" some ten days ago, I could hardly believe your reviewer of the same book, Mr. Geoffrey T. Hellman [The New Republic, May 18], had ever read it as I wandered through his review today. Surely such careless and insincere reviewing is enough to drive any semi-serious author to distraction—and certainly such reviews have no place in an authoritative publication like The New Republic.

Mr. Hellman, in my opinion, has no right to draw a judgment on a work, admittedly not a first-rate epic, when he apparently to about 1920 and is not supposed to be an interpretation of conditions or the scene of today, 1932. The hero of the book does not, as Mr. Hellman states, open a bicycle and automobile-repair shop. He did not manufacture an automobile in that shop "better than any on the market." Homer Flint did not live in Chicago, as Mr. Hellman states, and Paul Rader did not build his mansion in Chicago. Homer Flint does not take his revengeful action against Rader because he discovered Rader, his son-in-law, had a son by another woman before his marriage. So much for some of Geoffrey T. Hellman's more apparent blunders.

Further, having seen the development of industries and men such as are found in the towns of South Bend, Indiana; Flint, Michigan; Akron, Ohio; Gary, Indiana, etc., any one of which is fairly represented by Bromfield's book, it is my opinion that the author has drawn a rather accurate picture of what took place in those hectic development days of the early motor and allied industries. . . .

Mr. Hellman says Bromfield "doesn't know what he's talking about." From my experience I would say these proper names should be just reversed. . . .

Tucson, Arizona. EUGENE R. ROUSE.

SIR: Mr. Rouse is correct in stating that the Flint and Rader homes were not in Chicago; they were in a Mid-Western industrial city called "Pentland," and my error arose from the fact that Paul Rader and his wife spent so much of their time in Chicago on business and shopping trips, respectively. Careless as this error is, I cannot see that it has any bearing on my judgment of Mr. Bromfield's book. Substitute "Pentland" for "Chicago" in the review, and the rest stands as it was written.

For none of Mr. Rouse's other contentions seems to me to make sense. Taking them in the order of their appearance: I never said the book was intended to interpret "the scene of today, 1932." In point of time I made three references: one to "today's cult of business," by which I referred not to conditions on the Stock Exchange last Wednesday but to the widespread sycophantic attitude toward business success characteristic of the last twenty years or so in this country; another to Paul Rader as a typical product of "twentieth-century America"—which surely includes the period from the early 1900's to 1920; and a third to the absurdity of Mr. Bromfield's method of indicting "modern society, business and ideals." To those who have attained the age of puberty, the term "modern society" does not refer exclusively to the post-1931, or even the post-1920, period.

As for Mr. Rouse's observation about the bicycle and automobile-repair shop, I have no idea of what he means unless he is taking refuge in the incredible technicality that Rader and his friend didn't "open" it, in the sense that they bought up an old shop (which, as Mr. Bromfield writes, "had done little business and had fallen into a state of decay") and *reopened* it. And as for manufacturing an automobile better than any on the market, I did not credit this to Paul, but to his partner Muller. Naturally the first model which he made in the shop was no thing of beauty (which I think I conveyed when I mentioned his "tooting about in this contraption"), but Mr. Bromfield's very decided inference is that in its motor and essential parts it was superior to other cars—since we are told that it was incomparably smoother and quieter than automobile-mad millionaire Flint's expensive car.

Again, I never said that Flint took revengeful action because he discovered the truth about Paul's son, but I referred to the "machinations of a now hostile father-in-law, who has discovered that he had a son by another woman." The inference that this discovery had much (though not everything) to do with the old man's hostility is quite justified, as Mr. Rouse may see if he rereads the scene between the two men on pages 356-7. It is significant that this scene, in which Flint for the first and last time cross-examines his son-in-law about his extra-marital son, is the last conversation between Flint and Rader which Mr. Bromfield records prior to the former's bringing about the latter's financial debacle.

Unfortunately Mr. Rouse's final remarks are too much a mat-

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heres less in anything he says than in the fact that he leaves practically everything out. Not having seen the development of such industries as those with which Mr. Rouse is apparently familiar, I am unable to fill the gaps which Mr. Bromfield leaves. But I am painfully aware that there are gaps, and I cannot classify as convincing a book with a business hero and an industrial background in which we are told practically nothing about the hero's methods beyond vague allusions to important "deals." The early motor days may have been hectic, but they can hardly have been as metaphysical as all that. The phenomenon of a literary man beating about the business bush (and so pretentiously) is as ridiculous as it would be for Henry Ford to interpret Proust.

New York City. GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

Short Selling and Stock Prices

SIR: As one who admires your courage in meeting many present-day problems, I beg of you not to go the way all our "liberals" do when the subject of short selling comes up—childishly naïve. Our Scripps-Howard newspapers, noteworthy for vitality in their news services; Harry Elmer Barnes, a historian of repute; and now The New Republic, in its issue of April 27, sink to the level of the Forbeses and the Brisbanes on this one topic. A look beyond the pathetic little wails of these self-proclaimed "bulls on America" would reveal that the real reason for their howls is that they seek an excuse for their complete lack of judgment.

I do not underestimate Mr. Flynn's understanding of finance, as I have had ample demonstration of it in other articles of his I have read. But to quote Mr. Flynn: "Summon those brokers and compel them to give the names of the men who hammered American and Foreign Power." Then what? Traitors to their country? Simply because they recognized an obvious fact which surely Mr. Flynn cannot have missed—that an intelligent interpretation of the situation as it then existed could only lead to the conclusion that the stock was overpriced? The company carrying a staggering capitalization; finances in uncertain shape; international finances approaching a chaotic condition—any ordinary analyst could see that to sell the stock was merely the intelligent thing to do. . . .

Mr. Flynn asks, "Are they really interested in checking the decline?" Mr. Flynn, it was never claimed by Mr. Whitney that they were "interested" in checking the decline any more than the bull operators of 1929 were "interested" in checking the advance when stocks were quoted from 300 to 1,000 percent higher. Or, shall I say, any more than the Hoover gang of tom-tom beaters was interested in checking the mad uprush. That is not the point. "Interested" or not, they were in a position where they had to provide buying orders at some time or other. This buying would provide "longs" the opportunity to liquidate stock which might otherwise be impossible, or at least difficult, to sell. Why should it later become more difficult? Not because of any real or imagined bear influence, as Mr. Flynn seems to assume, but for the simple reason that it slowly became obvious to the most scatterbrained that the company under prevailing conditions could not hope to earn anything near a figure compatible with its enormous capitalization; hence, real buying, except by the most long-eared bulls, would be absent. The short covering would at least serve to provide some bids for the stock, even though it did not act (as for some inexplicable reason you seem to assume it should) to hold the price up at some such fantastic figure as 20 to 30. This illusion of benefits to be derived through maintenance of high price levels is all too prevalent. There is considerable opinion that this depression has been prolonged by Washington's trying that very thing.

In brief, what are the shorts guilty of? Intelligence? That is the only verdict any unbiased jury could deliver. This ignores the possibility of infraction of Stock Exchange rules by some operators in which a technically weak situation might be capitalized. No rules are foolproof; the Stock Exchange regulations are an attempt to ensure against these tactics, and, in the opinion of the writer, provide as good a protection as any other line of industry can offer its members or customers against the ruthless set in its ranks. . . .

abilities and three pages of The New Republic in attempting proof of something which does not matter if true. True, he claims, "I do not deal with the question of whether short selling is responsible for our present business plight," but the title of his article and his dramatized conclusions imply, if they do not say, that the community has been harmed by "bear hammering." This is simply not true. Facts put stocks where they belong, not bears.

New York City. VIRGIL C. SULLIVAN.

SIR: I shall have to weep at being included among the "self-appointed bulls of America." I am under no illusions about the prices of stocks now. I went to the trouble in my article of recording that "I do not deal with the subject of whether short selling is responsible for our present business plight, a claim which I think as ridiculous as Whitney's defense of short selling. . . . My own view is that margin trading on the long side is as bad, if not worse, than short selling."

Short selling forms only a single abuse in a great welter of economic abuses of which speculation is the center. My chief interest is in seeing a thoroughgoing investigation of the whole subject. This point of immediate sensitiveness at the moment, however, is short selling. And if we get a full investigation by the Senate Committee of the whole subject, we may be sure it began in the agitation about short selling—an agitation which those interested in more far-reaching searches into the Stock Exchange very wisely, I think, utilized to set in motion the mechanism of investigation.

New York City. JOHN T. FLYNN.

A World Conference on Education

SIR: Readers of The New Republic will be interested in the Sixth World Conference of the New Education Fellowship which will be held in Nice, France, July 29 to August 12, 1932. "Education and Changing Society" is to be the theme of this meeting, at which some of the most distinguished educators and publicists in the world will speak. Professor Paul Langevin of the College de France is the president of the Conference and the vice-presidents are Dr. C. H. Becker, formerly Minister of Education for Prussia, and Sir Percy Nunn of the University of London. Delegates from all over the world will attend, including representatives from China, Japan and Russia. In America, the work of organizing the American delegation for the Conference is under the auspices of a group of internationally minded people, from the Progressive Education Association and other organizations, called the American Committee on International Education, of which Harold Rugg of Teachers College is the director.

The program will be of special interest to teachers, to parents, to people interested in international affairs, in peace and international understanding, in social and economic conditions. Pre-conference tours will be arranged for special groups.

Further information can be obtained from me at 425 West One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, New York City.

FRANCES FENTON, Executive Secretary,
American Committee on International Education.

New York City.

The Pioneer Youth Camp

SIR: This summer marks the ninth season of a unique experiment in labor education. If we are to achieve a truly effective labor organization in the future, our children must come to appreciate the dignity and power of labor.

At the Pioneer Youth Camp at Rifton, New York, the children of trade unionists and other workers come to see the part which their parents play in the support of society. Educationally the camp is unique. The techniques of progressive education are being used to promote the spirit of coöperation and intelligent social action which is necessary to improvement of society.

Parents who desire a non-profit-making camp, where their children live in a social camp community and where the individual child is developed without regimentation or the stimulus of prizes and awards, should communicate with Pioneer Youth of America,

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The Problem of Stabilization

Economic Stabilization in an Unbalanced World, by A. H. Hansen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 384 pages. $3.

The Paradox of Plenty, by Harper Leech. New York: Whittlesey House. 203 pages. $2.50.

A Basis for Stability, by Samuel Crowther in collaboration with twenty-one leaders of American industry. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 360 pages. $3.

Thunder and Dawn, by Glenn Frank. New York: The Macmillan Company. 404 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR Hansen's volume excepted, none of the books listed above seems to me to have much permanent significance. Though all of them deal with a fundamental problem—stabilization—their interest is purely topical; they are indicative of trends of thought at the present moment. These books, and scores of others like them, raise the following crucial issues: (1) Can technology be relied upon to lead us out of our present difficulties? (2) Is the capacity for consumption an adequate measure of social health? (3) Is industry responsible for the workers or must they be left to the untempered mercy of economic "laws"? (4) Must we return to a narrowly nationalistic economy? (5) Can "free" capitalism stabilize?

Professor Hansen's learned treatise is a realistic study of all the projects for stabilizing the world. He presents his material under four headings: "International Causes of Instability," "Worldwide Unemployment," "Population Stabilization" and "Toward a Stabilized Capitalism?" The question mark at the end of this last title is very significant, as we shall see later. Meanwhile let us note that adequately to treat our difficulties he writes chapters on such diverse topics as Russian dumping, unemployment insurance, the declining birth rate, comparative wages and standards of living, and the social control of housing. This diversity serves to demonstrate that stabilization is a complex problem and not a matter for slick cure-alls. Hansen lists five "factors that have prevented or delayed the return to a genuinely balanced world economy":

> 1. The creation of numerous small petty states and post-war tariff legislation.
> 2. Differential labor costs.
> 3. Technological changes and the rationalization movement.
> 4. Monetary disturbances.
> 5. Redistribution of world wealth.

The reader should note, for later reference, that four of these five factors are *absolutely international* in effect, while the other (No. 3) has international repercussions. The international note is the one Dr. Hansen strikes throughout his book. One could wish to present long citations from the mass of concrete data he assembles, but in lieu of such citations let me quote the following remarks:

> Viewing it from the cold standard of an efficient economic system of production, one can perhaps say that the individualistic, competitive, laissez-faire system is superior. But the social consequences are bad. . . . A controlled economy is less flexible, less adaptable, less capable of finding adjustments to disturbing changes, than a free-market economy. Yet we are moving in the direction of [illegible] With productivity slowed down will almost inevitably seek a solution along the equalitarian lines of more equal distribution of income and a division of the available employment among all.

So speaks a sound academic economist. Let us now turn to our business men.

Harper Leech, in "The Paradox of Plenty," presents a picture of a new capitalistic, technological utopia based upon the wider utilization of electrical energy. For the realization of this utopia we must put up with changes in our economy which bring tragedies like those in the coal industry and agriculture. Right now the chief barrier to a realization of Leech's utopia is the inability of our bankers to think in modern terms, that is, in terms of the plenty that is possible under electrification. Leech's attack upon the bankers is vigorous and caustic, for he sees no hope at all without a drastic reorganization of the money and credit structure.

While no informed person would presume to doubt the immense possibilities of an electrical age, one may be entirely skeptical of Mr. Leech's insistence that it must come accompanied by predatory capitalism. He lays down as a basic principle that it is "the men of prey" that make the world a progressive and desirable place in which to live. By thus identifying an old capitalistic bromide with his able argument for electrification, he shows himself a weak thinker socially, for the two are not necessary to one another. It is possible to utilize modern technology under any economic system that admits the utility of the machine. Lenin laid down the dogma of electrification for new Russia. Furthermore, that electrification, with its accompaniments of decentralization and high productive capacity per worker, would not materially benefit the position of the worker under capitalism is made perfectly clear when Leech cites the Carolinas as "a prototype of the future industrialism of America." This is equivalent to admitting that capitalism has no intention of decently distributing the boons and usufructs of technological improvements if it can avoid doing so.

The proponents of the idea that technological progress and high wages are the road to utopia have raised their heads rather frequently in recent years—none higher than Henry Ford. Mr. Ford's mouthpiece, Samuel Crowther, has gathered together, in "A Basis for Stability," the opinions of twenty-one great industrialists—who say, in effect, "Give us back prosperity and all will be swell!" The reason prosperity left us, they think, was not overproduction: it was the failure of the credit structure. A little tinkering with credit will set everything humming again. When our credit machinery is geared to the rate of productivity, the capacity for consumption will be unlimited. Technology will create vast quantities of goods, it will lower prices because of efficient production; through a wide distribution of goods by means of high wages, it will raise the standard of living to fabulous heights. Consumption is a fetish with all of Mr. Crowther's gentlemen. But they do not examine their shibboleth critically and so leave us where we were during our last consumption orgy: simply so many consumers down whose throats the capitalists are to stuff their goods. Mr. Crowther's twenty-one industrial leaders of course make no provision for avoiding the irresponsibility of our advertisers, who dictate consumption trends in our present economy.

Under the present regime, the value of the high wages they advocate is canceled by their habit of regarding men solely as consumption units. The irresponsibility of this busi-

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"It cannot be too often repeated that industry as a department of human activity does not exist merely to support man; its primary purpose is to create goods that will serve the people." If this be taken to mean that there is no sense in arbitrarily creating industrial plants as places in which men may work, well and good. But if the social utility of a plant has been established, it seems reasonable to insist that the maintenance of a staff of workers adequate for normal operations should be a permanent charge upon the industry. How this charge should be met in times of depression is a problem in security to be solved by social engineers. Unless this point be admitted we shall have endlessly recurring the present situation in Detroit, where Mr. Ford is concretely illustrating his theories. His ambiguity makes it possible for him to depend on public and private charity to support his own employees when he can no longer profit by their work. If they don't accept his argument—well, machine guns are powerful persuasives.

The irresponsibility of these fervent business men is further demonstrated by their tendency toward economic nationalism. Mr. Crowther, speaking in his own voice and with the support of some of his associates, wants the United States practically to abandon foreign trade and foreign financing and confine itself to the domestic market. The domestic situation indeed should be our primary concern, but as Hansen points out, the "hermit nation" conception has become utterly impractical. Unless we think internationally we cannot survive nationally. We *must* face the reparations and gold problems. In other words we *must* deal internationally with the very mechanism which the nationalists most wish to repair—credit!

Our business men seem determined to forget nothing and learn nothing. They fail, most of them, to realize the force of the opposition, like the kings of France before the revolution. But Dr. Hansen recognizes the drift. He sees capitalism and socialism being assimilated one to the other, with capitalism being characterized by an increasing measure of institutional control. But he does not think that capitalism can truly stabilize itself short of outright fascism. With great caution he poses fascism and communism as the alternatives. If unrestrained capitalism continues (unrestrained in spite of its gestures toward institutional control), we shall have recurring depressions of increasing severity. Some degree of permanent stabilization is necessary for survival; this is now admitted on all sides. We can no longer follow men like Harper Leech and like Crowther's Bourbons: they will lead us perhaps through feverish periods of prosperity, to new and more deadly disorders. We must pay our devotions to Mussolini or Lenin.

Meanwhile, those who feel that revolution and not prosperity is just around the corner, should keep in mind that if capitalism shows any signs of giving the workers even illusory security—in other words, a job—the revolutionary spirit will burn even lower and more fitfully than it does at present. Glenn Frank, in "Thunder and Dawn," advocates a socialized capitalism which is based largely upon hopes and illusions and imprecise information. Yet he states a bitter and disagreeable truth when he writes: "Man is more enamored of security than he is excited about liberty. A capitalism that successfully discharges the social function of industry while in the pursuit of private ends is in little danger of overthrow from without or breakdown from within." Capitalism is more in danger from the stupidity of its own leaders than from any revolutionary spirit among the American workers at large.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Who Makes a War?

The Unseen Assassins, by Norman Angell. New York: Harper and Brothers. 349 pages. $3.

THE GREATER part of "The Unseen Assassins" is a protest against the fatheadedness of the contemporary world. Back in 1910, Sir Norman Angell wrote "The Great Illusion," and clearly and simply demonstrated that warfare could not possibly profit any nation, and would probably bring financial and industrial ruin to victor and vanquished alike. In his present book he recalls that "The Great Illusion," almost upon publication, was translated into twenty languages. It was read by everyone of influence and authority in Europe and within four years Europe embarked on the greatest of all wars. Everyone now admits the truth of "The Great Illusion," and the nations are busily preparing another war. Sir Norman finds this very discouraging, and it is.

He writes with the uncomfortable charm of one who, although long since driven to the conclusion that most of his fellow beings are half-wits, still feels warm and friendly towards them. Because Sir Norman is magnificently right on most things, however, it seems a pity he should have chosen to base his present book on the premise that the notions of John and Jane Smith "made the last war and will make the next. . . . " Many years ago, when he was plain Mr. Angell, he helped to found the old U. D. C. (Union for Democratic Control), perhaps the liveliest pacifist group ever formed. The thesis of the U. D. C. was that wars were brought about by vested interests in national government—by Cabinet officers, diplomaticos, admirals and generals, egged on by capitalist market hunters and by munitions makers. This Sir Norman now denies with emphasis. In "The Unseen Assassins" he advances the startling theory that the warlike policies of post-war European governments have been due, not to the governments themselves, but to pugnacious voters massed behind them.

> Take France . . . Poincaré has represented the chauvinist, anti-German line; Briand the internationalist, conciliatory. But which of the two has been surest of popular support? In France itself Poincaré has represented the popular force, while M. Briand's patriotism has been suspect. . . . Take Germany. Whence in that country comes the danger to the continuation of a policy of pacifism, conciliation? From popular sources, from such popular tendencies as those expressed in the success of the Nazis at recent elections. Take Italy. Is the chauvinism, the fist-shaking at other nations, of the Duce unpopular? It is precisely because it is popular at home that he indulges in the warlike fireworks.

Surely Sir Norman has let himself be misled. In the only French election in which Poincaré's foreign policies were an issue, in 1924, he was defeated. When he was recalled two years later to save the franc, he was compelled by an overwhelming public opinion to keep Briand, whom he hated, as Foreign Minister. A majority of the German people, in the face of great provocation, have continued to support a foreign policy of concession, even surrender. Hitler has never invaded this pacifist majority, as the recent German presidential elections dramatically proved. And wherever did Sir Norman get the impression that the Duce, outside the job-holding members of the Fascist party, was popular in Italy?

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Smiths of Europe and America, at least in the urban, industrial areas, are not so blindly nationalistic as Sir Norman, and most other pacifists, seem to think. Locarno and the Hoover moratorium, the only two real moves towards peace made by post-war governments, were both greeted by almost riotous outbursts of relief and joy. In anticipation of the present Geneva disarmament conference, more than eight million John and Jane Smiths in every country signed disarmament petitions—a very moving demonstration of humble hope. Despite noisy minorities, if the pacifist leaders—Sir Norman Angell himself, Viscount Cecil, M. Blum and the rest—would only embark on some bold, imaginative program of action, they would find more popular support than they dream of.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Alpine Flower

Small Town Stuff. by Albert Blumenthal. University of Chicago Press. 416 pages. $4.

IN A WRINKLE of the Rockies, among the coils of Anaconda Copper, is Mineville, just west of the continental backbone. . . . Fifteen hundred souls, most of whom wish they were elsewhere; but they stay at first to get money to move out on, and afterwards because they are too old to move. Mr. Blumenthal has written a book about them, a town survey, a sort of "Middletown" on a smaller scale.

Once Mineville had silver, then it had manganese, and now it is flat. The silver market went in '93, the War boomed manganese, the radio-battery market took it up, the tariff kept it up, and now it is flat. Seven bank failures, a major mill failure, a major mill burning, depressions and market shifts—all these Mineville has survived. It has lived by boosting and blasting, beefing and begging for tariff and credit, while tuberculosis kept the graveyard growing (they couldn't find "con" on the peaks, but they found it in mill dust, in mine holes), and now it is flat.

Nineteen fraternal orders, six patriotic and service societies, serve manna for the spirit of man nesting sublimely mile-high in the Rockies, for the fifteen hundred souls. There is a spatter of syphilis, there is a considerable spread of gonorrhea among wives and mothers who have taken up the recoil from the expulsion of low-down red-light folks from those pure heights. But popular propulsion through the pearly gates is by tuberculosis contracted in mine and mill, with side-swipes of flu and pneumonia, and the size of a funeral is the only sure measure of Mineville's esteem. . . . The miracle of Masonry, the portentous fizzle of Rotarian pinwheels, the domestic diversion of infidelity, the lungshot keck and kick-off, the social test of a trip to a frozen hole, the interment of a cough—from dust and damp it came, to dust and damp returns again—these hover over, these flourish among the fifteen hundred souls of Mineville, nesting sublimely in the Rockies, forty-five miles from the continental divide.

A lorn watchman stands sentinel over Crystal, felled in '93, but Mineville goes on. The old men grouch and brood, the old women grouch and gabble, and Mineville goes on. The "four hundred" worry about whom to snub, the Rotarians cheer for the home town and trade in Smelters, the miners drink moonshine and get consumption, and Mineville goes on. The men whisper, the women gossip, [illegible] generations the young

Hogan harries his congregation for cash, the Reverend Blackwell tries to balance the pull of the apronstrings that hold him in his pulpit, the Catholics are clannish and the Protestants tepid, and Mineville, nesting sublimely in the Rockies, goes on.

Nine months of winter has Mineville, and three months of late-in-the-fall. In the winter the high-school students play basketball and study for an escape to college, and the rest of the time they swim and pet. Once they played baseball, but of late years the girls can't spare them the time, with the growing season only two months long. There are graft and tight competition in politics, the school board is never sated with wrangling, and the matter of home-town teachers will never be settled, personal feelings are so tangled and hard.

Every year there is a rodeo and some years a fish fry by the county anglers. There are bridge parties and lodge meetings, the village band practises for holidays and big funerals, and the movies are with Mineville every day in the week. Seductions and liaisons amuse the gatherings at pool halls and moonshine joints, the Deep Thinkers' Club ponders Genesis vs. Evolution and Heredity vs. Environment, dances preferably have an alcoholic aura, and custom requires that the sheriff carry prone drunken women home when he finds them on the street and if they have a home.

Some day a book will be written, I hope, on a Mineville in the Urals, so that one may compare its life and hopes with those in Mr. Blumenthal's volume on Mineville, that mile-high blossoming of our culture, nesting sublimely in the Rockies among age-old peaks under eternal stars.

MURRAY GODWIN.

Journeyman of Letters

Miner, by F. C. Boden. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

ON THE EVIDENCE of a first volume of poetry, English liberalism and English culture—specifically in the persons of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and the late Dr. Robert Bridges—dragged Mr. Boden out of the coal pits and sent him to school at University College, Exeter. He now emerges as a professional literary man writing for and to middle-class English and American audiences about the life struggles of the class from which he has escaped. The gains and losses incident to this process are apparent in this, his first novel.

Mr. Boden writes well on the whole, as well as the English literary men—Walpole, Priestly, L. A. G. Strong and others—who praise his book. But he writes sentimentally, pathetically, conformably to the singularly opaque tradition of second-rateness which tends to dominate contemporary English letters. He lacks the intransigent anarchic individualism of the late D. H. Lawrence, another man of the people, but a man of genius. He lacks the class-conscious hatred of a revolutionary worker. The first attitude would yield better art; the second would yield sounder social documentation.

Mr. Boden's style, his acquired literary-class consciousness, move in the sentimental half-lights by which England is still trying to "muddle through," socially and artistically. At the risk of outraging critical niceness both here and in England, the present reviewer points out that it is possible to read better and sounder stuff almost any month, in The New Masses or Left, by less privileged and less acclaimed writers: Joseph Kalar, Ed Falkowski, Jack Conroy,

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Book Notes

Biography and Memoirs

SUPERMAN: FREDERICK THE GREAT, by Nathan Ausubel. *New York: Ives Washburn. 822 pages. $4.*

This book would be considerably improved by reduction to half or less its present size. There is much in it to interest and amuse the reader, particularly the anecdotes concerning Berlin court life in the first half of the eighteenth century; now and then there is also a lurid glimpse into the life of the Prussian peasantry. But the book is drawn out to inordinate length, largely because of the author's reflections and comment, which rarely rise above the banal. Incidentally, Mr. Ausubel's low opinion of the Austrian generals who opposed Frederick, particularly Marshals Daun, Troun and Loudon, is not held by competent military historians. Frederick was his own master, responsible to no one, and could take risks such as these commanders could not take, for they were, one and all, responsible to the supreme council in Vienna.

THE WHITE PLUMED HENRY, King of France, by George Slocombe. *New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation (Farrar and Rinehart). 378 pages. $5.*

This large and, on the whole, agreeable volume is not so much historical biography as it is hagiography, the first Bourbon King of France being presented as the object of Mr. Slocombe's unchurchly admiration. It is impossible to concur with this picture of the great Gallic saint of the boulevards, either in its entirety or in most of its details. To say that Henry IV was "the living symbol of the spirit of liberty, the spirit of pity, and above all that elusive and elfin phantom, the spirit of laughter, which Rabelais had evoked a century before," is bad rhetoric and worse history. To write of Catherine de Médicis that, following an astrological prophecy, she hated her ultimate heir, and to repeat all the old nonsense about Medicean venimations and attempted poisonings, is merely to echo Alexandre Dumas the Elder. There are plenty of errors in this big, brilliant, pleasantly mannered book; there is more than a little prejudice; but of dullness there is hardly a trace.

Philosophy

ETHICS, by Nicolai Hartmann. Vol. I, Moral Phenomena. *Translated by Stanton Coit. New York: The Macmillan Company. 343 pages. $3.50.*

A follower of Edmund Husserl considers with remarkable penetration the structure, existence and compulsion of ethical values. The full results of his investigation cannot be estimated entirely until Volumes II and III of the translation appear; but the attempt that Professor Hartmann has made to overthrow the Kantian position on morals and to reëstablish the Platonic position—the objectivity of values as essences in a realm which is only by effort coincident with the realm of actual things—allows ethics to escape from relativism, formalism, mere intellectualism, and opens the way for reconsideration of the fundamental ethical nature of the individual man.

Science

THE MACHINES WE ARE, by Robert T. Hance. *New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 332 pages. $3.*

A proper subtitle for this breezy volume would be "Physiology Over the Radio"; for about half of its thirty chapters were given over the air from the University of Pittsburgh, the others being reprints from special articles and newly prepared material. Professor Hance meets the layman rather more than half way in well informed discussions of such biological questions as heredity and sex determination; growth, reparation and decay; food and vitamins; respiration, circulation and the nervous system; glands, old age, bacteria and disease. As a popular introduction to what Sir Arthur Keith has called "the engines of the human body,"

World Politics

THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE, by W. Y. Elliott. *New York: Whittlesey House. 535 pages. $5.*

The Harvard professor of Government is decidedly friendly toward the British Empire in all its multiform manifestations: self-governing dominions, now the constitutional equals of the mother country; dependencies and crown colonies, great and small, in all parts of the world; protected states and mandated territories; and, overshadowing them all, the organizations of capital in the City, which control the economic interest of the Empire everywhere. He would gladly see the Empire strengthened and preserved, for he regards it as the strongest bulwark of capitalist society against communism in general and the Soviet Union in particular. The only important reform he would propose is an international pooling of those resources of the Empire which are more or less monopolistic in character: the tin and rubber of the Malay States, the oil of India and Burma, Iraq and Persia, the copper of Rhodesia—British imperialists are not likely to adopt this proposal in great haste. The numerous problems of the Empire are discussed not too profoundly, but in an agreeable manner. An appendix, which makes up two-fifths of the book, contains numerous documents bearing on constitutional relations, imperial policy and party programs.

Fiction

15 AND 5, by Abraham Bernstein. *New York: Liveright, Inc. $2.*

As a study of the taxicab business, "15 and 5" is disappointing; the taxi figures less as a vehicle than as an opportunity for philosophical comments. It also provides a means whereby Max, the young driver, arrives at some odd friendships, but the friendships are disappointing too. Max becomes involved with a millionaire's daughter, forms a union, gets more deeply involved with the wife of the owner of a fleet of cabs. There are a melodramatic chase across housetops, a murder, and finally marriage to the millionaire's daughter. Aside from a kind of sober humor, the novel is undistinguished, although an occasional brilliant phrase suggests that the author has talent which this work has not called out.

Contributors

H. N. Brailsford, the well known English journalist, who has written a number of volumes on sociological and literary subjects, is The New Republic's London correspondent.

Michael Gold, who has taken part in about forty street demonstrations and participated in about twenty strikes, has also done manual and white-collar work and written three books, the most recent being a novel, "Jews Without Money."

Paul Rosenfeld, author of several volumes of criticism and fiction, his latest work being a novel called "The Boy in the Sun," is now completing his second novel.

Lewis Mumford, identified by an editorial note at the beginning of his article in this issue, is studying in Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Rolfe Humphries, poet and critic, is the author of a book of verse, "Europa," and was formerly one of the editors of Measure.

C. Hartley Grattan, who has contributed to The American Mercury, Scribner's and other magazines, is the author, among other volumes, of "Bitter Bierce" and "Why We Fought."

Murray Godwin, a contributor to The American Mercury, The North American Review and to various other magazines, is the author of several satirical poems, a number of short stories and an unpublished biography of Jesus Christ.

James Rorty, poet, critic, essayist and short-story writer, is at present on his farm near Westport, Connecticut, completing a book on advertising based on his experience in this field while

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